


# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 13, 1961 25 CENTS



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THE GENERAL **DUAL** 90

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Lead photograph by John G. Zimmerman

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue 21 year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash U.S. and Canadian subscriptions: \$6.75 a year. This price includes a national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: center, E1-E2; special, SP1-SP6.

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## Next week

Yachtsman Gilbert Wheat visits a lonely piece of rock called Pigeon Island, where the people talk—and live—much as did their notorious ancestors, the mutiniers from the *Flower*.

Jerry Cooke uses new techniques to photograph skiers at Sugarbush, Vermont for a colorful Sporting Look that previews developments in both stretch and quilted ski apparel.

Elderly Y. A. Little is only one of 15 pro players who have come to the New York Giants by trade. Tex Maule reports on Wellington Mara, the man behind the Giant successes.

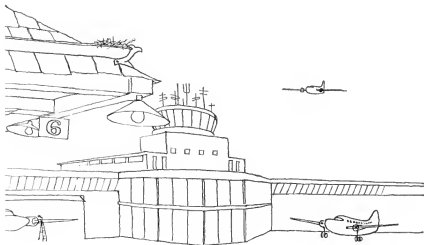












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## POINT OF FACT

A Washington D.C. International horse race quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of fans

❓ *The Washington D.C. International had its first running in 1952. What country has had the most winning horses?*

• The U.S. won four times with three different horses: Fisherman (1954), Mahon (1957) and Bald Eagle (1959 and 1960). France has had two winners: Worden II (1953) and Master Boring (1956). England, with Wilwain (1952), Venezuela, with El Chama (1955), and Australia, with Sailor's Guide (1958), have each had one winner.

❓ *Have any horses represented more than one country?*

• Yes, Mahon represented France in the 1955 International, when he was owned by the late R. B. Strassburger, and finished 10th in a field of 13. He was later bought by Mr. and Mrs. Albie Reuben and won the 1957 renewal for the U.S. As if to emphasize the international spirit of the race, Mahon was bred in England.

❓ *What jockey has had the most mounts in the International?*

• Eddie Arcaro. He rode in six Internationals (1952, '54, '55, '56, '58 and '59). In four of the races he was on U.S. horses and won with one of them (Fisherman). Two other American jockeys, Johnny Longden and Bill Hartack, have ridden in three races, as has Nikolai Nishev, a Russian.

❓ *How many countries have been represented and what are they?*

continued

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### POINT OF FACT

• Fifteen—Argentina, Australia, Canada, England, France, Ireland, Italy, Mexico, New Zealand, Peru, Sweden, U.S.S.R., U.S., Venezuela and West Germany.

7 What trainers have conditioned horses for the most races?

• Adrian von Borcke of Germany has come to Laurel four times (1952, '55, '57 and '58). The best he could do was fourth in 1952 and 1957. Two trainers have been represented in three races: Yevgeni Gottlieb of Russia, and W. C. Stephens of the U.S. Stephens is also the only man to have trained the winner of two races—Bald Eagle.

7 Has a filly ever won the International?

• No. Banassa, owned by J. Deccion of France, was second to Fishermen in 1954, the best a filly has done.

7 What concessions does the Laurel race make to the foreign horses?

• There are two. It is the only flat race in the U.S. at a major track that doesn't start from an American starting gate. Instead, as a concession to the foreign horses, it begins with a walk-up start from a Newmarket Starting Tape. The second advantage to foreign horses is that the race is run on the turf. This is not unusual now, but in 1952, when the race was established, there were only 12 other stakes on the turf in the U.S.

7 How have the favorites done in the late evenings of the International?

• Last year's race was the first one that the favorite won—Bald Eagle. A foreign horse has gone off the favorite only two times: the French mare Banassa in 1954 (finished second) and Ireland's Ballymoss in 1958 (finished third).

7 What jockey holds the best record in the International?

• Manuel Ycaza, who is the only jockey to win twice (with Bald Eagle).

7 About how much does it cost a foreigner to start his horse in the International?

• Nothing. All shipping and boarding expenses are paid by Laurel, and since the race is an invitational, there are no entry fees. The cost to Laurel is about \$5,000 per foreign horse.

—BETTINA BLACKFORD



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# SCORECARD

## LUCKY TO BE SECOND

"I would give anything," wrote Jimmie Robertson, editor of the University of Mississippi's campus newspaper last week, "if there was some chance of Ole Miss and Michigan State playing each other in a bowl game. However, the archaic thinking which prevails in our capital city makes this impossible." Robertson's anger and frustration came from the weekly football ratings, which listed Michigan State as No. 1 in the nation and Ole Miss as No. 2. Robertson thinks that his team is the best, but no one will ever know—Ole Miss refuses to meet any teams with Negro players. Thus, it cannot play Michigan State, Iowa or any other school that does not engage in the same sort of hominy-grits thinking.

That this sort of attitude still prevails in some southern centers of culture is hardly news. What is worth noting, however, is that student bodies of southern universities do not necessarily go along with the arteriosclerotic thinking of their faculty bosses. At the University of Texas recently, a campus-wide poll showed that the students were against such lily-white clauses 5 to 3. We somehow feel Jimmie Robertson is not alone at Ole Miss and that a poll there would show similar results. Meanwhile, let the pandemics of Mississippi take their consolation from this one fact: only in a liberal, tolerant democracy could a school like Ole Miss be rated as high as No. 2 in anything.

## THE INSIDE TRACK

Las Vegas bookmakers will open the betting on the December 4 fight between Floyd Patterson and Tom McNeely with Patterson an 8-to-1 favorite. Betting odds of 5 to 6 and pick will also be posted if you want to wager that the fight will or won't go nine rounds.

American Football League executives are griping once more about the low caliber of officiating in the league. Officials from the Dallas Texans, Denver Broncos and the New York Titans have been grumbling for weeks now about the officials, but League Commissioner Joe

Foss has been conspicuously silent about the situation.

By increasing squads from 11 players to 12 this season, the National Basketball Association hopes to protect players from going to the American Basketball League and have enough fringe talent for NBA franchises in Baltimore and possibly San Francisco next year.

Watch for the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association to call the nation's No. 1 singles player, Chuck McKinley, to task for appearing in five clothing advertisements in a San Antonio newspaper. McKinley denies he was given any compensation for posing.

The latest feud among the Los Angeles Rams owners is due to the trading of End Del Shofner to the New York Giants in addition to poor play of the club (1961 record 2-6). The feud between Owners Ed Pauley and Dan Reeves may eventually end up in court.

## FAITH

Jessica Newberry, Olympic dressage rider, is building bomb shelters for her horses. We don't know how much interest there would be in the delicate art of dressage after an H-bomb war, but we do admire Miss Newberry's faith in her sport.

## PIRIETECHNICS

*The People*, a British newspaper, is currently printing a series by Gordon Pirie, a distance runner who represented England in the last three Olympic Games. It is Pirie's contention that many track athletes are doped in competition, and good old Gordie would like to see an end brought to all this. ("Make-believe amateur I may have been," he writes, "when it suited me. Cheat I never was. And never will be.")

Under a lurid headline, *Those 'SUPERMEN' WON ON DOPE!* Pirie suggests that Russia's Vladimir Kuts, who won the 5,000-meter gold medal at Melbourne in 1956, was using dope. "I suspect," writes Pirie, "that Kuts was either doped or hypnotized. I am not suggesting that Kuts, a very fine sportsman, ever accepted any form of 'treatment' willing-

ly, but that he was forced to by Russian team officials." After the 5,000 meters, charges Pirie, when the medal winners "stood on the rostrum for the victory ceremony, Kuts had no idea which way to face for the flag-raising, and he'd been all through the performance as a winner a few days before! I looked at him carefully—and he was still acting strangely, rather like a man who has had a drink or two too many. I reported this to an official at the time and was told to say nothing about it. I haven't ... until now."

Pirie also offers a suggestion for future international competitions: "I firmly believe the time has come when saliva tests should be taken of the first six finishers in every Olympic Games race and that there should be chance, on-the-spot examination of winners in other big international events."

Maybe so, but there is also a chance that Kuts was a little dopey with fatigue—a fatigue honestly acquired while running the legs off Mr. Pirie.

## DON'T MESS WITH US DEER

There are some disturbing reports this year which indicate that deer—those frightened, shy innocents of the forest



—may be changing their personalities. More than one hunter has been chased all over the map by an irritated buck. Now comes the case of Pat, a partly tame young deer at Baxter State Park in Maine. The other day Pat was strutting around, showing off his nice set of boot-jack antlers and feeling pretty important. Then he took a little nap. A fat raccoon waddled up and awoke the sleeping monster. Pat jumped up, kicked the 'coon with his sharp front hoofs, hooked at him with those nice new antlers and drove him up a tree. Pat patrolled the

continued

promise her  
anything...  
but give her

# ARE PEOPLE

L'ANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

## SCORECARD

area for an hour, kept the intruder tired and finally went back to bed. Maybe he figures he's a 'coon hound.

## TO THE COLORS

Last week the newspapers once again began to carry those familiar pictures of athletes entering the service. At Fort Meade, Md. John Paluck of the Washington Redskins was pictured getting a shot, while Bobby Mitchell of the Cleveland Browns and Shortstop Ron Hansen of the Baltimore Orioles looked on. At the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, Paul Hornung, top scorer in the National Football League, simulated a hand-off to a uniformed sailor for the cameramen. At Fort Lewis, Wash. Tony Kubek of the New York Yankees was pictured drawing equipment, and at Fort Belvoir, Va. Pitcher Mudcat Grant of the Cleveland Indians joined the chow line.

Between now and next spring over 50 of America's best athletes will be recalled to the service through the reserve program, which already has taken 155,000 other citizens. Thus far, the teams hardest hit seem to be football's Packers, who lose their top punter, Boyd Dowler, and their outstanding linebacker, Ray Nitschke, plus superstar Hornung.

Baseball's Orioles lose their best pitcher, Steve Barber (11-12), as well as Shortstop Hansen. The Los Angeles Dodgers may find themselves without Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax, Willie Davis and Ron Fairly before the 1962 season begins. The St. Louis Hawks of the National Basketball Association already have felt the loss of their best backcourt man, Len Wilkens.

With one notable exception, the athletes have returned to service quickly and quietly. Senator Alexander Wiley, Republican of Wisconsin, at the request of some of his more rabid constituents in Green Bay, tried to get Hornung a deferment. Wiley's futile effort may have gained him the votes of Wisconsin's football fans, but it also earned him criticism from fans in San Francisco and Chicago, as well as from students of contemporary history everywhere.

It is to be hoped, of course, that the athletes—along with all called-up servicemen—will get in and out as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, we offer a few suggestions to the admirals and the generals. Let us not have a repetition of "grandstand" drafting wherein a famous

athlete is called to duty merely because it would be swell publicity for the old battalion. Summoning the 33-year-old Ted Williams—a veteran of World War II—to serve in the Korean War seemed then, and seems now, to have been an example of such a grandstand play. On the other hand, when the athletes go into service, let them serve. Too many of them spent their wartime careers fighting on the football field for the glory of the Great Lakes naval station or the San Diego Marines.

## JOURNEY TO NOWHERE

The day before Thanksgiving a cruise ship will leave New York with a load of happy vacationers headed for Bermuda. They will never reach Bermuda, however. This is a two-day, cut-rate (\$95 tops) cruise and the ship merely goes 250 miles into the Atlantic "in the direction of Bermuda," then steams back home. We salute the imagination of the hackers of this promotion. They have brought conversations like the following into the financial reach of all:

"What you doing for Thanksgiving?"

"Oh, we're heading for Bermuda."

If this cruise is a financial success, next year the ship can double its rates, make a four-day trip, and advertise that it is heading for Buenos Aires.

## BEST SKATES FORWARD

In its usual well-meaning way the U.S. has been selecting only the purest amateurs for international hockey competition. And the system has usually produced mediocre hockey teams. This year Connie Pleban, coach of the team that will represent the U.S. at the World Amateur Ice Hockey Championships in Colorado Springs, is already sniffing around the International and Eastern hockey leagues for prospects. These players are not pure pros, but they're not pure amateurs either. They are subsidized with living expenses, and some have off-ice jobs that conveniently fit in with the hockey schedules. There will be a howl from some when our boys take the ice. But there was a worse howl when the U.S. came up with a timid group of college kids and weekend skaters who were humiliated at Geneva and Lausanne. This time we should do better.

## WORDS AND PICTURES

"What is the use of a book without pictures or conversations?" Alice in Wonderland asked. Most of us feel the same way. But it is implicit in the Alice Test

*Continued*



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## SCORECARD *continued*

that the pictures and the conversation be good.

Robert Cantwell's new book passes with high marks. The title is *Alexander Wilson, Naturalist and Pioneer* (J. B. Lippincott, \$15). Wilson, in another era, was considered the best of all painters of birds, and in his magnificent *American Ornithology*, published between 1808 and 1814, he combined meticulously accurate representations of mallards, pintails, woodcocks, blue-winged teal, rail, grouse and other tasty inhabitants of the American woods with some of the most concise, exact, informal and engaging nature writing ever put into print.

When Audubon's spectacular plates began to dazzle bird-lovers some 30 years after Wilson's death, the latter drifted into unread obscurity as "the father of American ornithology," a title that would probably have aroused his dour Scottish sense of humor. And his obscurity was deepened because his hand-colored books were generally locked away in rare-book collections. But he deserved better: he personally discovered 43 new species of American birds, pictured 264 species (out of the 343 species found within the territory of the U.S. of his time) and added familiar names to some 40 species, like the canvasback, which he was the first to paint and describe.

In 1956 Robert Cantwell stumbled across a set of Wilson's works that had been forgotten; Wilson himself had sold the books to Columbia University in 1808. An article which Cantwell wrote on his discovery appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Dec. 24, 1956) and led to a publisher's request for a full-length biography, the first ever devoted to this pioneer hunter and artist. *Alexander Wilson, Naturalist and Pioneer*, contains 20 reproductions of Wilson's bird studies, eight in full color, along with a good deal of Wilson's savory hunting lore. Since the biography also includes Robert Rall's charming decorative drawings and photographs of Wilson's birthplace near Paisley, Scotland, there would plainly be even enough pictures for Alice.

Alexander Wilson's fleeting, early fame was made by his achievements as an ornithographer and a traveler in the American wilderness. He will have a second fame now because of Cantwell's book, for even the most gifted men must depend on a gifted advocate to keep the fame alive.

**END**

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by ALFRED WRIGHT

# TWO BIG DECISIONS

With powerful Bob Ferguson leading the way, scarlet-shirted Ohio State drives for a national championship, but surprising Minnesota stays right with them

**I**t was a day for big decisions last week in the Middle West. At Columbus, Ohio State, still unbeaten in the Big Ten, was facing Iowa, which only the week before had lost a heart-breaker in the mud to Purdue. At Minneapolis, unbeaten Michigan State and Minnesota, loser only to Missouri, faced off. When the scores were in (Ohio State 29, Iowa 13; Minnesota 13, Michigan State 0), two big decisions had been made: 1) Ohio State and Minnesota are so strong that by the end of the season one or the other will be the Big Ten champion and may even rate as the nation's No. 1 team; and 2) Bob Ferguson, the awesomely powerful Ohio State back, probably is the best college full-back to come along since Jimmy Brown, now of the Cleveland Browns, was at Syracuse.

Bob Ferguson is a 6-foot 227-pounder who pounds over opposing players on a pair of stumpy legs that are about the same circumference as the average man's waist. He is so extraordinarily durable that he seems—and probably is—capable of making the same crunching line plunge time after time all afternoon every Saturday throughout the fall. For the past two and a half seasons, with lines massed against his fearsome rushes, he has lost ground only four times, once as a sophomore, once again as a junior and, perhaps worn

down a bit, twice in his last two games, for a yard loss against Wisconsin and a half-yard against Iowa.

Generally Ferguson storms into the enemy backfield with four or five linemen hanging on him and picks up three or four yards. But several times a game he brushes aside would-be tacklers and breaks into the open, where he runs like a quick, shifty, locomotive-size half-back. Saturday against Iowa he carried the ball 27 times, gained 144 yards, almost all of them when his team needed them the most, and went 14 yards for a touchdown. No one who has ever had to get in the way of Bob Ferguson on a breakaway run has ever again doubted his bruising prowess.

Before Saturday, however, many had doubted Ohio State's strength, even with Ferguson. If the Bluejays were to be tested, it was thought, the University of Iowa, with its backfields of fast running backs and a traditionally strong line, was the team to do it. A crowd of 83,795, the largest ever gathered at the OSU stadium, bundled down snugly and, despite gray skies overhead, awaited with rosy anticipation what most of them were convinced would be the game of the year.

What they saw may very well have come close to that in significance, though not in drama;

*continued*

**MIDWEST CRUSHER.** Bob Ferguson of Ohio State, tramples over Iowa line, ignoring futile attempt to hold him by the ankle. In 27 carries against Iowa, Ferguson made 144 yards and one touchdown to lead OSU to a 29-13 victory and a possible invitation to the Rose Bowl.

Photograph by Marvin E. Newman

they saw an awesome demonstration of Ohio State's power and depth. Coach Woody Hayes's beautifully coached platoons, three deep at every position, stopped almost everything the Hawkeyes could offer, wore them down with their sharp, hard but invariably clean tackles (Hayes teams never pile on) and then walked over them, as Hayes called frantically to his ample bench: "Who hasn't gotten in? Get in there." Hayes supplied something new (a "gimmick," he called it, but all it really was was passing) that had the Columbus regulars talking in tones of wonderment. Before the game, however, direct-thinking Hayes said, "We like to have that ball carrier pointed toward the goalposts." And, ultimately, it was not Hayes's gimmick but straightforward football that proved too much for Iowa. Indeed, the strategy for the game was as obvious in advance as the bright-scarlet jerseys worn by OSU.

"The ball game will be decided on the ability of Iowa to move the ball," said Forest Evanshevsks, the Iowa athletic

director, last Friday. Evvy was a man who should know. He had spent the nine previous years giving Iowa a bigger reputation for football than for tall corn. With only a muddy upset loss to Purdue to mar its record, this year's team was rated along with some of the best of Evvy's day.

After visiting Iowa received the kickoff, the game proceeded for the first 11 minutes and 53 seconds pretty much as exposed. The first Iowa backs had trouble moving the ball against the quick, alert Ohio State defensive line, but whenever a first down was needed, Matt Szykowny threw a pass to Cloyd Webb, a 6-foot 3-inch sophomore discus thrower who plays a very spectacular right end for Iowa in the fall months. Iowa ran 24 plays and gained a total of 133 yards. Ohio State did not once get possession of the ball, but thanks to a single unforeseeable break the 11 minutes and 53 seconds ended with OSU leading 6-0. On a reverse to the left side off the new double-wing formation that Coach Jerry Burns had added to Iowa's traditional wing-T offense especially for this game, Halfback Sammie Harris was

tackled hard just as he received the ball. It popped into the arms of startled Ohio End Tom Perdue, who paused only momentarily to assure himself that he wasn't dreaming and then dished for the goal, some 55 yards away. There was never an Iowa player within 10 yards of him as he loped along, incredulous over his good fortune.

Iowa, of course, received the next kickoff, and once again started down the field. This time the Hawkeyes reached the Ohio State eight-yard line before the drive died with an incomplete pass into the end zone.

#### Way out with a look-in

Early in the second period Ohio State intercepted one of Szykowny's short look-in passes and returned the ball to the Iowa 30. The homecoming crowd was then treated to a few minutes of the kind of football that has become the trademark of Coach Hayes—and to the gimmick, too.

In four successive carries Ferguson moved the ball 16 yards by just thumping into the center of the Iowa line. With the ball on the Iowa 18, Quarterback

**JUBILANT** Minnesota reserves leap to their feet in final minute of Michigan State game as Quarterback Sandy Stephens intercepts a pass in the end zone to seal Gophers' 13-0 victory. Stephens also passed for one of his team's touchdowns as State lost its first game and its ranking as nation's top team.



Joe Sparma called the kind of play that makes Woody Hayes's huge frame shudder a pass. Sparma threw to Charlie Bryant, a big end, who caught the ball on the six-yard line, did a little jig along the sidelines to keep from going out of bounds and leaped joyfully into the end zone for Ohio State's second touchdown. State missed the conversion for the second time, but it didn't matter. Ohio State took its 12-0 lead into the dressing room at half time and never after that looked in danger of losing.

It was a weary Iowa team that showed up for the second-half kickoff, and Hayes later explained why. "We're a well-conditioned team," he said, "and Iowa had to expend its offensive force there in the first quarter. Their offensive team had to play most of the first quarter, and they used up a lot of their strength on those two big drives." Hayes was too tactful in the warmth of victory to add that Iowa did not have adequate substitutes to cope with Ohio State's alternating offensive and defensive units.

Nonetheless, Iowa did manage to push across a touchdown midway through the third quarter after a 73-yard march, clos-

ing the gap to 12-7. Long runs by Harris and Bill Perkins, Iowa's two best ball carriers of the day, made it possible, but the man who kept the tired team on the move was Quarterback Seykora.

Although only a junior, Seykora is already the first three-letter man at Iowa in 11 years. Last year he sparked the basketball team after it had lost four of its best players to scholarship troubles, and he was the leading hitter on the baseball team, with a .368 average. "He looks like Groucho Marx out there," Fvashevski says, "but he's the kind of athlete who wins. If you need a last-minute basket, he shoots it, or he pokes a bat through the infield to score the winning run." On Saturday he sneaked the ball across for that first Iowa touchdown when it looked as if State's line might hold right at the goal line.

A few minutes later Ohio State put the game beyond reach with another pass from Sparma to Bryant. This time Bryant ran half the length of the field with the exhausted Iowa players falling off him like raindrops when they tried to make their tackles. At that moment everyone understood that the outcome,

for all purposes, had been determined.

There was a good deal of Rose Bowl talk around the Ohio State campus on Saturday night, for the news was quickly abroad that Michigan State had been upset by Minnesota. But the air was full of its. Would, for instance, the Big Five host colleges of the West Coast issue an invitation to an undefeated Ohio State, which had been one of the four Big Ten colleges to vote against renewing the Western Conference contract with the Rose Bowl?

At the moment the Rose Bowl is in a thorny tangle. Its contract with the Big Ten having expired, it can invite any team it wishes to represent the East. Yet, it would like to renew the Big Ten agreement now that the conference has shown its willingness to do so by a 6 to 4 vote, so it would probably be disposed to invite the Big Ten champion if that were feasible.

Both Minnesota and Ohio State could now finish their Big Ten schedules undefeated, in which case Minnesota, which plays one more conference game than the Buckeyes, would be 7-0 against 6-0 for Ohio State. However, Minnesota

*continued on page 54*



# THE APATHY IN SMOGSVILLE



Nearly every spectator sport in Los Angeles is suffering at the box office, and you can take your pick among a hatful of reasons—from pretty girls to some pretty poor teams

by ROGER WILLIAMS

Two decades ago Los Angeles was a pleasant if uninspiring city shimmering in the sun. It had fine weather, entertaining sights to see and amusing things to do—one could watch the girls parade through Beverly Hills, soak up the high life on the Sunset Strip, play draw poker in Gardena and generally lead the life of leisure, western style. Yet Los Angeles, for all its growth and ambition, was still minor league as a spectator sports town. Aside from the Coliseum Relays and horse racing, the only big-time events were a handful of football games played by USC.

All this began to change—or so it seemed—in 1946 when the pro football Rams came. A decade later they were followed by the Dodgers, and then the Lakers, the Chargers, the Angels, the Jets and the Toros. All were major league in name if not in fact, and they arrived in rapid succession to tap this rich vein of spectator gold. L.A. sports fans, after years of privation, were overjoyed. They came up from their beaches and down from their fairways to see what Mammon had wrought. In a burst of local pride they proclaimed Los Angeles "the Sports Capital of the World."

By last week, however, it was evident that Los Angeles and sport are not divinely joined. An overload of teams and a paucity of victories have combined to disenchant many a true believer. College football attendance is off so sharply that UCLA is considering a cutback in

smaller, nonrevenue sports. The average crowd for Ram games is 15,000 below last year. Dodger attendance last season dropped almost half a million, while the new Angels drew barely 600,000, below the figures of the new Washington club.

More disconcerting is the decline in the quality of the product, which has ranged from disappointing to inferior. The Dodgers, solid favorites for the National League pennant, crumpled under the September pressure and finished second. The Rams, onetime powers of the National Football League, have lost six of eight games, and their owners have been squabbling in public. The two college teams, at their lowest ebb in years, have been beaten by every good opponent they have met and have great trouble defeating even the poor ones. The Blades, L.A.'s new entry in the Western Hockey League, lost nine of their first 12 games, prompting one displaced Easterner to remark: "They'd have a rough time against Andover."

There are several plausible explanations for the Los Angeles slump. All the old attractions—beach, girls, nightclubs—still claim their devotees. The Dodgers, Rams and UCLA Bruins are coming off losing seasons and, according to their harassed publicity men, this year's gate receipts reflect last year's won-lost record. Do-it-yourself sports are more popular than ever. In the city of Los Angeles, municipal golf courses handled almost a million players last year. The city's 213 tennis courts are crowded all weekend long, on many of them play continues

under lights. An estimated 600,000 people bowl in the L.A. area, and another few hundred thousand berth powerboats and sailboats along the coast and inland waterways. The ocean and lakes offer fish you haven't even heard of, and deer, partridge, dove and other game beg to be shot in nearby forests and hunting preserves. Adequate skiing is an hour and a half away, at Mount Baldy, and excellent skiing is six hours away, at Mammoth Mountain. In a sense, it's a wonder anybody pays to watch anybody else play anything.

But they paid, and handsomely, in the past. The real problem now is too many teams offering too little performance. In 1961 the L.A. sports enthusiast knows a poor product when he sees one, and he is not about to support a local team simply because it is local.

The Dodgers, to be sure, were not a poor team, at least not for most of the season. But second place represents failure when you're supposed to finish first. The Rams present a more complex case. Despite two dismal seasons, their hopes this year were for a 500 record or better. Things went badly from the start. Players were fined hundreds of dollars for reporting late to camp; veteran Gene Brito retired; Ollie Matson, whose acquisition in 1959 cost nine players, proved hardly worth that cost. Worst of all were the trades. The Bill Wade-for-Zeke Bratkowski maneuver wound up with Wade contributing more to the Bear offense than Bratkowski has to the Rams'. All-Pro End Del Shofner, sent to the Giants for



Drawings by Max Simon

Minnesota's first draft choice, quickly became one of the league's leading pass receivers.

Meanwhile, the five Ram owners continued to wage their private war in the open. Dan Reeves, who brought the club west from Cleveland, has been struggling to keep control. Under a curious agreement, Reeves, who is approximately a one-third owner, and the bloc of four (Ed Pauley, Fred Leys, Hal Selley and Bob Hope) were given equal voting rights, with the commissioner empowered to break a tie. The agreement lapses December 31, and the two parties see no prospect of further accord.

College football has suffered most. Games that once drew 60,000 are lucky to draw half that number. Last season USC's average attendance fell to 36,574. UCLA's was a few thousand lower, and insiders on the Westwood campus say the school athletic program, supposedly self-sustaining, lost \$130,000. As a result, one-third of the 1961 budget for student activities was diverted to athletics. This year they may have to throw in the chancellor's salary, too.

A ho-hum student attitude is partly responsible for the schools' troubles. Apparently the boys and girls have discovered other ways to spend Saturday afternoon. Those who do show up cluster protectively around the 50-yard line. Not enough USC students came to the Illinois game to fill the card-stunt section and, for the first time in memory, the show had to be canceled.

Foolish television agreements are also

a problem. When USC gave top-ranked Iowa a fine game, only 30,000 were there to watch. Hundreds of thousands of others picked up the national telecast, which had not been blocked out in Los Angeles. When UCLA played Pitt in the Coliseum, TV beamed USC-California back into the area as competition. Also, thanks to lifetime advance scheduling (sign now, suffer later), the quality of visiting teams has been abnormally poor.

Smog is settling over other sports, too. After years of fealty to state colleges, southern California's high school track stars are drifting off in every direction. Perry Jones and his tennis patrons are producing more good players but fewer great ones, and our world stature is suffering accordingly. Professional boxing is scratching around for a Mexican attraction to take up where José Becerra and Butling Torres left off. The Toros, of the new American Bowling League, have been counting spare pins and brooms to get their attendance figures out of the 300 to 400 range. Only horse

racing and basketball are thriving, and the latter's success may be brief. The Lakers have not drawn well in spite of a fast start, and the Jets' opener, coupled with a Harlem Globetrotter show, had the smallest crowd ever to see the Trotters at the sports arena.

Moral: There are evidently not enough fools willing to rush in where Angelsenos fear to tread.

END

# A SMART EAGLE BEATS THE BEARS

Chicago used a subtle defense against a subtle quarterback but lost as Philadelphia's Sonny Jurgensen and his Eagles proved their right to rank as professional football's best

by **TEX MAULE**

When the Philadelphia Eagles played the Chicago Bears at Franklin Field last Sunday, the game matched what was clearly the best team in the East with what was considered to be at least the second-best—if not the best—team in the West. Oddly enough, in National Football League circles there is a considerable amount of bitterness between Eastern and Western teams. For a long time the Western conference has been considered the stronger of the two divisions. So far this year, and including the game between the Eagles and the Bears, Eastern teams have won five inter-conference games to the West's three, temporarily disproving the theory.

On the hottest November 5 afternoon



in Philadelphia history—79 at game time—the Eagles showed themselves to be a much better team than the Bears and a much better team than most people had suspected. This was due in large measure to the efforts of two rather disparate Eagles—Sonny Jurgensen, the imperturbable quarterback, and Jerry Williams, a quiet, balding young man who plots the Eagle defense.

Jurgensen directed the Eagle offense against the fluid, shifting Bear defense with aplomb and effect despite a bruised foot which was swollen and purple after the game. Williams, faced with a Bear offense equipped with a truly frightening set of runners and receivers, gambled coolly and won. His opposite number,

the Bears' Clark Shaughnessy, did well enough in containing the Eagle attack to win most NFL games, but the Bear offense was never potent or consistent against the defense devised by Williams.

Behind the inventive and strong Eagle offense was another quiet man—Head Coach Nick Skorich, almost entirely unknown to pro football followers before this year. Skorich, who once played guard under Jock Sutherland at Pittsburgh, is a sound and authoritative coach. In the meeting of the Eagle offensive team the night before the game, he went over the variations in the Bear defense—and there are many—precisely and accurately, and the Eagle attackers listened. They learned their lesson well.

Shaughnessy has some nine basic defenses for the Bears. "We can adjust to fit three things," he said before the game. "We have defenses to fit the defense we face, the personnel we face and the situation in the game. Bill George [the Bear middle linebacker] calls the basic overall defense. Then Fred Williams calls the defense for the rush men [Shaughnessy does not call the four men in the line linemen]. Richie Petitbon calls the defense for the backs. All of these are real bright boys, and they do a great job."

Shaughnessy had, as usual, spent almost endless hours diagnosing the Eagle offense. "We classify passes three ways," he said. "Short, mean and long. A short pass is released within two seconds after the ball is snapped. A mean pass—the mean between the short and long—takes another second. A long pass is anything over that. We found that all of the Eagle passes can be classified as short or mean. Everyone knows that if you put pressure on the passer quick enough, you ease the job of the pass defense tremendously. The Eagles solve that by releasing the ball quickly. They throw short slant-ins to receivers like Tommy McDonald and Pete Retzlaff, and they are the best club in the league at running with a short pass after they have caught it."

Shaughnessy's solution following the diagnosis was almost exactly right. The Bears spread their linebackers wide, double-teamed Retzlaff and McDonald, with one defender covering them to the inside and one to the outside. The Eagles

threw only two of these slant-ins during the afternoon. The first, on the first play of the game, was complete to Retzlaff, the second was intercepted.

But Jurgensen, who is built like Norman Van Brocklin and who throws as well, also called as daring and intelligent a game as his predecessor ever did. He hit his receivers on quick slants wide, away from the Bear defenders. He waited until, unaccountably, the Bears took J. C. Caroline, who had the primary responsibility for covering McDonald, out of the game; then he hit McDonald on the only long pass he threw, good for a touchdown. But most of the time he picked at the small holes in the Bear defense for short passing gains, and he did that so well that the Eagles controlled the ball for 77 plays to the Bears' 46.

Williams took a calculated gamble in stopping the Bear attack. He overloaded his defense to the strong side, hoping the weak side could contain anything that came its way. The strategy worked handsomely; the very fast Bear backs were held to only 126 yards running and never broke loose for a long gain. Williams paid very close attention to Chicago's fine rookie end, Mike Ditka, who was instrumental in the crushing defeat of the San Francisco 49ers by the Bears two weeks ago.

"We tried to deny him the cross-over pattern he used so well against San Francisco," Williams said. "He goes downfield maybe 15 yards, then breaks across. He caught two touchdowns on the 49ers that way. We spread our linebackers, tried to force him outside and deep, then our middle linebacker looked for him crossing over and gave him trouble if he found him in that pattern. Finally, the weak-side safety [this was Don Burroughs, known as the Blade to his teammates] picked him up. We blew an assignment once, and it cost us a touchdown."

This was the play on which Billy Wade, who started the game, hit Ditka for a 76-yard touchdown; it was one of only four passes the Bears completed on the tenacious Eagle defense.

In the second half of the game Bear Coach George Halas reached far back in history for a play that would work against the tight-knit Eagle defense. This was a quick pitchout, wide, to Galemore; with the Eagle ends playing tight to stop the Bears running up the middle and the linebackers out wide to stop

*Photograph by Neil Leifer*

**POISED PASSER** Sonny Jurgensen throws into vulnerable spot in the Chicago Bear defense.

*(captioned on page 67)*





Photographs by Tony Thiele

## ***Darling, I simply wouldn't miss it!***

*Not that I'm exactly a sports fan. Honestly, I don't think I could tell a basketball goal if my life depended. But the horse show?*

*That's entirely different. I mean, there's so much to see. Take tonight at Madison Square Garden. Did you ever see anything so chic as Margo Barrett, there on the left? She was fabulous as Cleopatra at school. And those adorable ambassador types just below. They run it all. That's Tubby Tuckerman, General Alfred Tuckerman, in the middle...*

*continued*





***...and simply fabulous people***

*on every side of you! Look there on top:  
that's Mrs. Winston Guest—polo,  
you know—and Mrs. Yogi Berra just below her.  
He plays baseball in the summertime...*



ERY



**...and don't look now, but**

*just to the left there is Jill St. John, Babs Hutton's daughter-in-law! Imagine! You know, the starlet who married Lance Reventlow. He races something, cars, boats, never mind that but...*



**...see that cute blonde?**

*Just above, I mean. Sue Wyman, she models and she came with Bert Firestone. Isn't that awful? I mean, you know he fell off a horse in the show. No, he wasn't hurt, but see there...*

**. . . isn't that too sweetly naive?**

*That little girl, I mean. Jane Pasciuti, her name is, from Yorktown Heights and she's actually patting a horse. Imagine! Well, I suppose horses are nice. If you like them, that is.*





*The "Stirrup Cup" an ancient Scottish rite when the clan toasts the preservation of its land.*

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# A QUESTION OF VIOLENCE

by MARTIN KANE

**Tom McNeeley Jr., the Boston heavyweight who hopes to upset Champion Floyd Patterson, has a valid reputation for fury, but fury alone will not be enough**

Listening with closed eyes to Tom McNeeley Jr., the heavyweight boxer from Boston who will fight Floyd Patterson for the world championship in Toronto on December 4, one might easily surrender to the illusion that Rocky Marciano is talking. It is "Pahk Street" that one hears, not "Park." It is "bahd punch" and "fist round" and "Boston Galuden," with that flattening of the broad *a* and that aspiration of the all-but-vanished *r* that is so special to the eastern Massachusetts accent and so impossible to reproduce by any system of orthography.

There are those who would say that the resemblance between McNeeley and Marciano ends with the way they talk. It is a harsh judgment but not entirely unfair, even though McNeeley, after 24 professional fights, is as undefeated as Marciano ever was. Indeed, McNeeley has beaten almost as many stiff as Rocky took on during Al Wall's studiously cautious direction of his approach to the heavyweight championship of the world. Like Rocky, McNeeley depends on attrition rather than a single punch to stop his opponents, and you will get no im-

pression from him of style and grace. He is a rough customer, too. Like Rocky, he doesn't care much how he hits or where or when. And he trains almost as relentlessly as Marciano did. He is never out of condition. Furthermore, Charley Goldman, who trained Marciano, has been hired to serve as training advisor to the McNeeley camp. Charley will discover, no doubt, that McNeeley, for all that he is an intelligent 24-year-old who was able to get through two years at Michigan State, is the very devil to teach new ways. And that was a Marciano trait, too.

These comparisons end the list of similarities. None of them is meant to suggest that McNeeley is in the class of the conqueror of Jersey Joe Walcott, Edward Charles and Archie Moore. He has not fought anyone remotely as good as these. His best opponents have been George Logan and Willi Besmanoff. Where Marciano is short and squat, McNeeley is tall (6 feet 2 inches) and long-limbed, with a reach that gives nice effect to the jab. McNeeley's manager, the millionaire Harvard man Peter Fuller, himself an old college boxer and some-

time sparring partner to McNeeley, recently described his fighter as "a straight stand-up guy with a good jab, a good left hook and a fair right."

"We've had trouble getting him to place his feet properly for the right," Fuller said. "He takes too wide a stance. He's an orthodox fighter."

Orthodox or not, the best minds of the Boston fancy must that McNeeley is essentially a "mauler" and embarrassingly inept.

"He doesn't have a punch in either hand," said one of these. Even in Boston and even among the chauvinistic Boston Irish, there is little real hope that McNeeley can beat Patterson.

"Ah," said a red-haired bartender in a Boylston Street pub, "but wouldn't it be grand if he did it. We have a President in the White House now, and I would die happy, God forbid, if we had a heavyweight champion of the world."

To the detriment of ballyhoo, perhaps, but with a very decent reticence, Fuller and McNeeley so far have refrained from issuing the customary "We'll mowder the bum" sort of statement. McNeeley, a handsome brush-cut with a most engag-

*continued*

*Photographs by John G. Zimmerman*

**MILLIONAIRE AND HIS PUG** in old boxing fashion but new tact in case of Tom McNeeley (right) and his Ivy League manager, Peter Fuller.

ing boyish manner, proud wearer of a golden shankrock on his bright green trunks, is far from boastful about his abilities. Neither he nor Fuller has gone much further than to say that he has a "good chance," a couple of words that combine optimism ("good") with realism ("chance").

One of the fight's promotional problems will come when McNeely goes on public exhibition in training. Boxing in the gym, he looks rather like an awk-

ing ham. But he brightened up in a moment.

"In the ring," he consoled himself, "he's altogether different."

In the ring McNeely has been so different that boxing commissions have threatened to set him down for ignoring the rules—rules like "Don't hit a man when he's down, please," and "If you have to elbow or butt, make it look like an accident."

McNeely excuses himself for these breaches. There was, he feels, sound reason for every one of them—well, almost every one. Like in his first professional fight against Richie Norton. Some nerves on the left side of his rib cage had been pinched by a blow in training. The area was so tender that even a firm caress was agonizing. That's just where Norton hit him, by no means caressingly, and McNeely, turned savage by the pain, lashed out like a wounded panther and with approximately a panther's esteem for the boxing code. He stopped Norton as the second round.

"That time I fought Art Mayorga," McNeely went on, a low growl forming deep in his throat, "he kept hiding behind his gloves. It was frustrating. When I finally got through and he started to fall, he dropped his gloves. I was so crazy at seeing his face for the first time that I let another one go."

The one-round Charlie Lopes mayhem, some of which was accomplished by shoving aside the referee as an impertinent meddler in a private fight, was undertaken because Lopes insulted McNeely's intelligence.

"First," McNeely complained, "he went around town making comments about what he was going to do to me. But then, after the weigh-in, he followed me and jumped into my car with me. He kept telling me about how his wife was sick and his kids needed things and if I'd just go easy on him and let him look good maybe he'd get some more paydays. I know now he was giving me the con, because right at the opening bell he walked out and tried to knock my head off. It was a hard punch and

I thought he'd cut my eye, and I lost my head."

McNeely hattered him down and then, with Lopes on one knee, crunched a flincher onto his jaw. He came very close to slugging the referee for trying to protect Lopes when that official stepped in to end the fight.

"The commission gave me a good chewing out," McNeely said.

And, finally, there was the second Lou Jones fight in New York.

"Jones is very cute," McNeely explained. "He knows how to butt and use his elbows so the referee can't see it. The only way I know to do those things is out in the open, which is where I did it." McNeely won the fight by a fourth-round knockout, but afterward the New York boxing commission threatened to bar him from the state.

By this time it had become apparent that if McNeely continued on this fiery path he might well be banned everywhere. Fuller considered this possibility dourly, then called the fighter to the huge Cadillac-Oldsobile agency he owns in Boston. He told McNeely that he wanted him to see a psychiatrist.

It was a suggestion that McNeely took as an insult.

"You think I'm some kind of a nut or something?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry," Fuller told him. "You're going to go or I'll put you on the shelf."

After contemplating the emptiness of a life without an occasional fist fight, McNeely agreed.

"I love fighting," he said. "To me there couldn't be a better way to make money and yet be doing something I like. If I had a good income from something else I'd still be fighting for the pure love of it. It gives me a sense of competition and personal accomplishment, being in there alone. I loved football, but you're part of a team there. In boxing you do it all yourself."

So, after evaluating Fuller as "a very stubborn fellow" who really would make good on his threat to retire him, McNeely went to a psychiatrist. It turned out that he needed very little treatment.

"We finally figured out," he said, "that the cause of my wild temper was my intense desire to win. You see, my father [Tom Sr. one-time New England heavyweight] always impressed on us kids the necessity of being first—not just in boxing, in everything. He didn't like us to be second-best. When I realized that was the reason for my temper,

(continues)



MCNEELEY WITH WIFE, NANCY, AND SON THOMAS III

ward but angry child. Speaking with a certain depressed passion, Fuller said:

"Tom is a miserable gym fighter. Absolutely horrendous. There are days when he puts on the most horrendous workouts. There's gray in my hair and that's what it's from, just from watching him box in the gym. If you saw McNeely against guys he's fought in the gym you'd pay 10 times more for one of his opponents than you would for him."

He sighed, the memory of some of those horrendous workouts overwhelming



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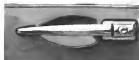
**1957.** No visible change.



**1958.** A famous Italian designer suggested we make the rear window bigger. We did.



**1959.** We changed the door handles from the pull type to the new push-button type.



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### McNEELEY

I learned to keep it under control."

Patterson, McNeely has heard, does not enjoy fighting but is in the game solely for the money. To McNeely this approximates a moral defect and somehow encourages him to believe that he has that "good chance." But he does not underestimate the champion a whit.

"Patterson has terrific speed for a heavyweight," he said, "and he's cute and cunning. He's tricky in his own fashion. And he's pretty hard to hit with that peckahoo defense. Hooks don't do any good with those gloves covering the sides of his head. You have to go straight through."

And that is why Fuller and Trainer Jackie Martin have been working so hard to straighten out McNeely's right-hand punching. After all, the straight rights of Ingemar Johansson proved mighty effective in the first and third of the Swede's fights with Patterson.

"Actually," McNeely said, "my best punch used to be the right, then I seemed to lose it. I lost it in the finesse of developing a left hook. It's coming back, though, and my left hook has been coming real good in the last year.

"I and Pete have some ideas about how to fight Patterson and we'll keep those quiet, but it's no secret that I intend to stay on top and carry the fight to him. That might not work, of course, and I might have to revert to Johansson's technique of running away from him until I have a chance to get in a good shot. But the best way is to be the aggressor. I'll try to wear him down. I'm not the type that takes you out with one shot. I'm not that good a puncher. But if I get him in trouble—well, that's when I'm at my best.

"If I have him as Johansson did in their third fight [when a stunned Patterson, knocked down by a straight right in the first round, may well have been saved by the mandatory eight-count], there's no doubt in my mind that I'll be heavyweight champion of the world."

The second Patterson-Johansson fight (which Floyd won easily) is the only Patterson fight McNeely has attended.

"But I've seen eight or 10 of his fights on film," McNeely said, "and I've watched the last fight a dozen times. Before the fight I'll see the movies a hundred or more times."

Later he'll be able to see the film of his own fight with Patterson. But he might not enjoy it quite as much. **END**



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## TIRELESS SONS OF NOAH

in the bushland of Rhodesia a stout band of Africans have been fighting for three bruising and bloody years to save the game herds from the floodwaters of the Zambezi River

by LEE GRIGGS

*And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth. And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea, unto you shall they be delivered.—Genesis 9 1-2.*

Long ago, as the first book of the Bible reports, when the waters of the flood receded, the Lord made a covenant with Noah and put the race of man in charge of the lesser creatures of the earth. In all the years since the big flood few men have lived up to the terms of the original contract better than a small company of Africans who are at this moment trying to save the animals of one great valley in the bushland of Southern Rhodesia.

In 1958, when the 420-foot-high Kariba Dam was finished across the Zambezi River, the backwater spread rapidly over the Rhodesian wilderness. Rolling hills soon became islands. In the valley of the Zambezi, elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo, waterbuck and antelope, bush pig and warthog, leopard and monkey and ant bear and snake—a zooful of ordinary and bizarre species—were marooned and doomed to starve or drown as the waters kept rising. In Noah's day, with the first threat of rain the animals got the message and boarded the ark without a fuss. The animals in today's flood do not understand, and few of them come quietly.

Along the Zambezi, each busy rescue day is filled with the grunts, snorts, squeals and roars of beasts and the shouts of men. The men chase the rhinoceros; the rhinoceros chases the men.



The elephant flees and, almost cornered, turns and charges. Men and warthogs scrimmage in the dust. At the end of the hot, sweating day the men return to camp, their clothes torn and their bodies stinging from the jabs of tusks, hoofs and claws.

Relying mainly on trapping nets, small boats to ferry the animals to the mainland and their stubborn sense of duty, the rescuers have been racing against the rising waters of the Zambezi for close to three years. Thinking back on the scuffles and frustrations, 48-year-old Rupert Fothergill, the tight-lipped game ranger who is bossing the job for the Rhodesian government, recently observed: "They just told me to take the animals off. There was no guidebook. We made it up as we went along." By the hard process of trial and error, in three years Fothergill's rescue team—six white rangers and about 100 Negro helpers—has saved more than 4,000 head of game and lost only 200. Some of the animals died of fright, and a few from injury. A good part of this small loss is attributable to the stubborn reluctance of a few of the animals which were too big and truculent to be moved and too single-minded to be coaxed into saving themselves.

The water behind Kariba Dam is still 25 feet below the planned maximum, but it is already by far the largest man-made lake in the world. When the water reaches the brim of the dam about two years from now, the lake will cover 2,000 square miles and contain 168 islands. These permanent islands are of no concern to Ranger Fothergill and his band

*continued*

*A Rhodesian native carries a trapped zebu safely out of the floodwaters.*

of Noahs. Their task is to clear the thousands of islands, large and small, that are continually forming and disappearing as the waters rise.

As the rescuers move from island to island, their mode of operation follows a general pattern. Fothergill and his assistants first try to force all game that can—and will—swim to strike out for the mainland under their own power. Then the rescuers tackle the biggest of the remaining animals, removing them next so that there will be fewer problems to deal with when trying to gather the smaller ones. Elephants and rhinoceroses are not only dangerous but, if not cleared out early, tear up the nets and fences set to trap antelopes and warthogs. After contending with the behemoths and trapping the fleet quadrupeds, the rescuers flush out the burrowing animals—ant bears, honey badgers and porcupines—which ordinarily would stay in their holes until the water started to pour in.

#### The woe lions

To their grateful surprise, Fothergill and Company discovered that they did not have to deal with lions, all of whom seemingly sensed something was wrong and left the islands at the first sign of encroaching water. The rescuers were relieved, too, to find that elephants were adept swimmers, that, in the face of hooting and hollering and some bravado on the part of the rescuers, usually headed for the water and swam a mile or more to the mainland. Buffalos swam well, too, and as a last resort left their shrinking islands of their own accord. But the rhinos did not swim and would not try, and most of them resented any kind of civil help offered by Fothergill and Company.

In the frequent skirmishes and duels with reluctant animals no man has been killed, but there have been some close ones. Ranger Frederick Stokes was jumped by a leopard and badly mauled. Ranger Frank Junor was hospitalized after being gored by a buffalo. Junor survived the goading only because the mad buffalo had a stiff foreleg and could not get its horns low enough to pick up the prostrate ranger and throw him. Fothergill himself has been flattened by a rhino, and had a 200-pound ant bear explode out of the ground under him when he sat down on a slight rise where there was no burrow in sight.

After three years the rangers and native beaters are blasé and generally laugh uproariously when one of their number is attacked by an animal. In the night, if a rhinoceros stumbles through camp snorting intemperately, no one gives the clumsy invader a thought. Each man takes the sleep he deserves, and on awakening for the next day of battle, carefully inspects his boots before putting them on, to be sure a puff adder has not crawled into one of them during the night.

For the past two months Fothergill and his rangers have been working on an island covered with mopani trees and acacia thorn, known in the logbook simply as "Island 100" because it is the 100th the rescuers have tackled in 1961. Island 100 is by far the biggest area to be cleared in the course of Operation Noah. It covers more than 15 square miles. It is too big for the rescuers to work efficiently, but they could not afford to wait for the island to shrink because the stranded animals were already running out of food.

To clear oversized Island 100, Fothergill and his crew built sturdy brush fences to divide the island into several parts, then cleared the parts one by one. In order to make use of the fences, it was necessary first of all to clear off elephants and rhinos that would tear them down.

The 19 elephants on Island 100 proved more reluctant than expected. Lines of native beaters marched across the island, rattled beer cans filled with stones, fired off cherry bombs and shouted at the tops of their lungs. They drove the elephants to the water, but the huge beasts refused to swim to the mainland, two miles distant. For days the beaters made drives. For days the elephants resisted. Finally they turned nasty and started charging their tormentors. Reluctantly, Fothergill ordered five of them shot. The elephants got the message swiftly. Next day they were gone, having swum to the mainland under cover of darkness. Fothergill was disconsolate as a surgeon who had just lost a patient on the table. "I did everything I could to get them off peacefully," he said. "But they were fouling the whole operation. Ordinarily we carry only one gun for last-minute self-defense when we expect to encounter elephant or buffalo. Otherwise we go unarmed, even after rhino. They're too scarce to kill. When we go after the rhinos we purposely don't carry a gun, otherwise in the confusion of a

charge we might be tempted to use it."

The 50 buffalos on Island 100 were ignored on the theory that they would leave the island in their own time—if other animals were removed, there would be enough grazing left to sustain the buffalos until the rising waters forced them to head for shore.

The nine rhinos on Island 100 had to go quickly. Rhinos are browsers, and the supply of food for them was low. So Fothergill and his crew straightaway embarked on rhino rescue, the most involved and exacting of all rescue procedures.

Fothergill stalks each rhino armed only with a rifle that shoots darts of gallamine triethiodide, a paralytic drug. The dose must be calculated carefully, based on the rhino's estimated weight within 100 pounds. Too much is fatal. Too little has no effect. The shot must strike home either in the rump or in the shoulder to penetrate the rhino's hide. It cannot strike a main artery, or the animal will die quickly. It must lodge in the muscle tissue. To be this accurate in delivering the shot, Fothergill must hold fire until he is within five or 10 feet of the rhino and in danger of a charge.

#### No margin for error

Once the shot strikes home, if the dose is accurate, it takes the rhino 16 minutes to drop. "During this time," says Fothergill, "you just concentrate on staying close to him and avoiding his charges. Once he drops, you've got to be right there to give him the antidote injection or he dies." Along with the antidote of megesthine methyl sulfate goes a tri-n-butyl ether to keep the beast relatively calm. Swiftly the rhino is tied securely, its feet roped together. Then the native boys roll it onto a sledge, and 50 to 60 of them drag it to the water's edge where the sledge is slid atop a raft made of oil drums. The raft is towed to the mainland while native boys pour water on the rhino to lessen the chance of sunstroke.

At Matusadona on the mainland, which forms part of a game reserve into which most rescued animals are released, the rhino is dragged ashore on its sledge. Cautiously, the rangers untie its feet. Fothergill sloshes a bucket of water on the beast and then runs for the boat on the lake as fast as he can. The rhino comes to with a snort and a toss of its head, leaps to its feet and charges the first thing in sight, which is usually Fothergill. The enraged rhinos often follow him into the water. On one occasion,

*continued*



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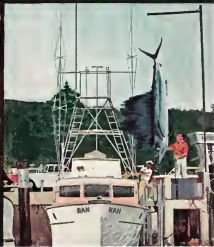
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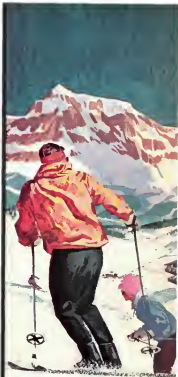
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after Fothergill had climbed into the boat, the rhino kept right on coming and drove its horns into the gunwale. Since that attack the boat has always been judiciously moored farther offshore in water deeper than a rhinoceros.

The rhinos on Island 100 were, as expected, ornery, but two already were weakened from lack of food. One of these died before Fothergill could administer the antidote for the paralyzing dirt. The other was so exhausted from its capture that it didn't move for three hours after being untied on the mainland. After untying it, Fothergill tenderly covered the beast with wet grass to keep the sun off. Then, as the rhino started coming to its senses, Rupert tried to help it to its feet, first by brazenly grasping its horn and tugging, then by pushing its ponderous rear end. Finally the rhino came alive, and the chase was on. Rupert bolted for the lake, the angry rhino not three feet behind. Rupert reached the boat and turned to face the rhino, which was snorting angrily in the water but was unable to attack because of the water's depth. "That's the thanks I get for saving your life, you leathery old hussard," cried Fothergill, taking off his bush hat and belting the rhino with it three times across the nose. The rhino snorted and retreated. The native boys gave Rupert a loud burst of applause.



A GROGGY RHINOCEROS STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE AS RESCUERS TRY TO TIE HIM UP

#### Down and almost out

The next day, Fothergill had worse luck. When he socked a dart into a young bull rhino, it charged. Fothergill retreated behind a fallen tree trunk, confident that the beast would stop short of the obstacle in typical rhino fashion. But not this time. The rhino struck the trunk hard, snapped it in two and ran right on top of Fothergill. "Get him off me—quick!" shouted Rupert. Game rangers and native boys rushed up shouting and drove the rhino away. Luckily, Rupert had escaped the feet and the huge weight of the young bull. He suffered only cuts, bruises and six broken ribs.

Other animals on Island 100 were a problem, each in its special way. Big waterbuck, though good swimmers, often could not make it to the mainland when forced off the island. Males were particularly weak, pulled down by the weight of their huge horns. From boats the rescuers lassooed them, dragged them aboard kicking and thrashing and tied

them down. Fragile impala, driven into 10-foot-high nets and wrestled to the ground by rangers, nearly died of fright before they reached the mainland despite tender ministrations from Fothergill and his lieutenants, including frequent sponge baths and even an occasional lot of brandy. Baboons and many warthogs were driven into the unfamiliar element of the lake, then noosed, grabbed by the tail and dunked underwater to dampen their resistance before they were dragged spluttering into boats. To reduce wear and tear on animals, planted ropes made from discarded nylon stockings were used to bind them. Still, many cried, wailed and struggled all the way to shore. Warthogs were an exception. Once their jaws were roped shut and they were tied down, they often reconciled themselves to their fate, fell asleep in the bottom of the boat and snored loudly.

Zebras and other animals too big to wrestle with on even terms were run down to the point of exhaustion by lines of beaters rattling cans and shouting,

driving them relentlessly to and fro until they collapsed. The same technique was used with baby buffalos and rhinos who were captured for transportation to national parks for restocking. Once a buffalo or rhino calf was chased into the lake or run to ground, like football players in a goal-line stand, a dozen or more rangers and native boys leaped on the wildly thrashing animal and subdued it by sheer weight of numbers in a screaming, shouting melee.

Island 100 was the last to be cleared during the 1961 season. The long dry season is at hand. This and the opening of the spillway gates in Kariba Dam will keep the lake level stable until early next year when the rains upstream will send Kariba's waters surging higher once more. In February, Fothergill and his men will embark again for the flooded valley. After another year of attacks and counterattacks, as the waters stabilize, their job will be done. They will have fulfilled their part of the original contract and will have, if not medals, at least a few scars to prove it.

END



## **FOOTBALL FROM THE CRADLE**

*by* **WALTER BINGHAM**



College football is very big in Ohio, but high school football is sometimes bigger. In Massillon it dominates the town. This year, as usual, the team is undefeated, with the aid of Boosters, game films, walkie-talkies and a farm system that begins in the cradle

If you don't like football, you don't belong in Massillon," said a local citizen. Massillon is a rugged steel town in northeastern Ohio with a population of only 31,000. Yet the high school football stadium seats 22,000, and on Friday nights in the fall, when the Massillon Tigers play at home, it is always filled. The players are town heroes, and the fortunes of the team dominate the thought and conversation of the townsfolk.

Massillon usually has the best high school football team in the state. It has been that way ever since Paul Brown became coach in 1932. Brown, since famous as coach of Ohio State University and founder and coach of the professional Cleveland Browns, was a Massillon boy. He built the team into a powerful machine. During his last six years as coach, the team won 58 games and lost only one.

There was no letdown in the intensity of the football program after Brown left at the end of the 1960 season. A Massillon boy is introduced to football at birth, when he is presented with a ball by the Booster Club (left). By fifth grade he is playing organized football. When he enters one of Massillon's three junior high schools, he learns the formations and plays that the high school varsity uses. In high school he gives up part of his summer to early practice, plus three hours a day in the fall. Each Monday he watches color films of the previous week's game and is graded by one of the 13 coaches in the Massillon school system on everything he did—right or wrong—in that game. Not many Massillon boys make the same mistake twice.

CONTINUED



**LIKE PROS AND COLLEGIANS.** Head Coach Leo Strang (left) consults aides. Strang has three coaches in booth, along with new gadget called deflative analysis board. When button is pushed, the board helps determine which play should work against opponents. Advice of the machine's opinion, Strang sends a play into game with substitute.

**WALKIE-TALKIE** transmits instructions from superior to junior high Assistant Coach Bob Johnson, about to send a player into game. Massillon uses walkie-talkies instead of telephones at games away from home because phone wires were once cut. Johnson says the system works fine—though there is occasional interference from local cab company.

**PROUD FATHERS**, bearing the numbers of their football-playing sons, parade in front of stands. Massillon games are highly organized but they also are fun. Rockets are exploded after every Massillon touchdown. When the Tigers crushed Barborton 90-0 two years ago the rocket supply was exhausted. Tigers do not believe in "letting up" on opponents.





**AMONG THEIR SOUVENIRS** sit Katie and Maune Basler, ardent Masillon Tiger rooters. On the walls of their den are pictures of past teams and individual heroes. Rugs, ashtrays, curtains, pillows and glasses are decorated with tigers. Basler is a leading member of the Sidelines. Each member of the group "adopts" a player each season and takes him to dinner and the movies the night before each game.

**PRACTICED ENTHUSIASM** for Masillon is displayed by Sue Lehman, head cheerleader. Cheerleading at Masillon is as competitive as football. As many as 50 girls try out for seven assignments, and the winners rehearse all summer. Playing in Masillon's 80-piece band is no less arduous. Band members practice in the summer, four hours a day, five days a week. In the fall they cut down to 15 hours a week.





**THERE'S NO TIME FOR TEARS** in Mawillon's football program. The young boy with the professional-looking helmet may privately wonder if football is really for him, but in Mawillon he has little choice. He is expected to want to play football, just as Mawillon always is expected to win—the

bigger the score, the better. With his father and father and the Boosters showing encouragement from the sidelines, with a small army of coaches studying his actions and with a large mechanical board to suggest what play he should run, there is nothing the boy need decide for himself. **END**



## RETURN OF A NATIVE

*For almost a century the wild turkey was just a mouth-watering legend of pioneer days. Then sportsmen across the country decided to put the big bird back in the bush where it belonged*

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

When Dr. John Stage Davis Jr. of New York City popped up from behind his palmetto blind (opposite) at the edge of a Florida swamp and knocked down an eight-pound hen turkey, he was a moderately happy man. But when, a moment later, he dropped a second bird with the other barrel of his 12-gauge shotgun, he cried joyfully, "Most exciting shots I ever made."

No one who has ever tried to shoot wild turkeys would disagree. Because for every hunter who is lucky enough to bag even one wild turkey, there are at least a dozen others who, each season, endure muscle-cramping predawn vigils, merciless assaults by chiggers and wet hikes through swamps without getting so much as a glimpse of the bird.

Why, especially in this record year for upland game when there are more quail, pheasant and grouse around than there have been for 10 years, should any sane hunter put up with such misery to get one particular bird? For a reason that is not unusual in the sports world: the very rarity of a score makes it irresistibly sweet,

From its great red chin wattles to its iridescent tail feathers, the wild turkey is as handsome, streamlined and succulent a game bird as there is in the U.S. Unlike its drab and paunchy barnyard cousin, the wild turkey is a fast, powerful flier—full speed is well over 30 mph. On the ground, a turkey can outfoot a racehorse, and hunters long ago gave up trying to run them down with dogs. But the biggest difference between the wild and the barnyard gobbler is the former's unrelenting hostility toward people. In fact, the native turkey's refusal to have anything to do with man and his way of life very nearly eliminated the bird from this continent.

From the moment the first settler splashed ashore at Jamestown, wild-turkey populations on the East Coast began to decline, and from that time on, whenever people moved into a new area, the turkey promptly moved out. Turkeys need forests for food and cover, and the settlers made fast work of clearing the woods. They also discovered the bird was delicious to eat, and market hunting became a popular—and profitable—pastime. Hundreds of thousands of turkeys were snared, trapped and slaughtered

for the dinner table. In a single day two hunters from the backwoods of Massachusetts reported seeing more than a thousand birds, and by the early 1800s wild turkeys were selling at town markets for 6¢ apiece. Less than 50 years later there was not a single bird left to shoot in the state of Massachusetts.

Elsewhere, the turkey vanished almost as rapidly. By the time people became conservation-minded and began thinking that a bird in the bush wasn't such a bad thing after all, both the birds and the bushes were very nearly gone. Bringing them back was considerably more difficult than getting rid of them had been.

Strict hunting laws were passed to protect the turkey all across the country, but it was hard to enforce these laws, for while the turkey had lost greatly in numbers it had lost none of its flavor. Then, too, new cover had to be grown. Meanwhile, the turkeys themselves were doing very little to help conservationists. Artificial propagation—often the backbone of most upland bird projects—was a failure, not because the turkeys didn't like each other or couldn't be raised in captivity, but because once

*continued*



**S**winging on target, hunter  
fires from palmetto blind

**H**it at distance of 15 yards,  
wild turkey starts to fall



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accustomed to the sheltered, grain-fed life in the breeding pens the birds forgot their wild ways and became about as helpless as chickens in the wilderness.

Thus, as new ranges were slowly developed, wild birds had to be trapped in areas in which they still existed and then carried to the new range. Trains, trucks and even private cars were used to transport them from one locale to another. In Florida single-engine planes took off with turkeys aboard, and when they got over the deep woods the birds were tossed out, fluttering crazily until they got down



Turkey Hunter Charles W. Payson has developed big flocks of wild birds on Florida ranch

to their own flying speed, then gliding quietly into the new cover.

Today, because of efforts such as these, there are now shootable flocks in 23 of the 39 states where the bird originally flourished. One of the best turkey ranges in the country is in Florida, and the bird's future here, as in the other states to which it has been restored, at last seems secure.

"When I bought this land six years ago," says Charles Payson, on whose 12,000-acre Florida ranch the photograph on the previous page was taken, "I was told there were some turkeys on it but not enough to matter one way or the other. I was interested in quail and this was some of the best natural quail cover I had ever seen—but it was also superb natural turkey cover. All the birds seemed to need to multiply was a couple

of years of no-gunning and protection from poachers. Today we have hundreds of turkeys, most of them in an enormous cedar swamp, and they are the biggest attraction on the property. Now when I invite friends down to hunt, they don't even think about quail. All they want is to take home a turkey."

There are not so many that the value of the trophy has been diminished, but Payson's guests do get more birds than most gunners. A typical turkey shoot starts at about 4:30 in the morning, well before the sun is up. The hunters are driven out by buggy to the edge of the cedar swamp. Here they build makeshift blinds from palmetto leaves or just find a spot in the broomstraw for cover.

"Some people come equipped with all kinds of elaborate turkey calls to lure the birds in," says Payson, "but most of the time it isn't necessary to use them. If a hunter can sit quietly enough, sooner or later a flock will come feeding out of the swamp into the open."

"The waiting is the real test," says Dr. Davis of his turkey hunt at Payson's. "It's a long time until sunup when you are crouched in a blind, and time seems to stop altogether when those turkeys appear at the edge of the swamp. This is when you discover muscles you didn't think you had and the chiggers begin to bite and a fly buzzes around your face. Every time one of those turkeys looks up and goes 'putt' you are sure it's talking to you. And while the birds are taking their good old time moving into range, the gun gets heavier and your arms get shakier."

"Then you start to worry about whether the cramp you have developed in your leg is going to throw you off balance when you stand up to shoot. And when you do stand up, and the birds let out a yelp as they clamor into the air, it's such a surprise that you sometimes forget to pull the trigger."

"This is the most amazing part of turkey shooting," says Payson, who flies down from New York almost every weekend during the November-January turkey season in Florida. "I have seen more back fever on turkeys, even among experienced hunters, than on any other game. Part of it is because of the slow-motion way a turkey flaps its wings when it takes off. It doesn't look like it is going anywhere but actually it is moving at tremendous speed. I had one chap down here who was so surprised when a flock flushed in front of him that he dropped his gun."

END

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## Death of a killing lead

Next week, at the Shamrock Hilton in Houston, 16 pairs of experts duel for the three places on the team that will represent us in the world championship team matches to be played in New York in February. Ever since 1955, when our uninterrupted string of victories in world competition suddenly came to an end, there has been grumbling about the somewhat arbitrary method of team selection. It was determined, therefore, to hold a special competition in Houston, November 18-22.

The 16 pairs qualified by finishing first or second in one or

North-South vulnerable  
East dealer

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
EAST	SOUTH (Murray)	WEST	NORTH (Goren)
4♦	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	5♥	PASS	6♥
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 4 of diamonds

more of the major championships staged in the past year. The list includes one Canadian, Eric R. Murray of Toronto, who played with Charles Coon of Boston on the team that won the Vanderbilt Cup tournament last spring. If Murray makes

our international team, there'll be no such furor as arose when Alex Olmedo of Peru played Davis Cup tennis for the U.S., for the American Contract Bridge League's representatives play as the champions of North America.

This was one of the swing hands that helped Murray's team to victory. At the other table his teammates, Arthur Robinson and Robert Jordan of Philadelphia, were defending against the same six-heart contract. There, although it seemed from the bidding that East's double called for a diamond lead, West opened a club. Dummy ruffed and, thinking that East's double had announced a spade void, declarer tried to cash a top diamond. This attempt cost two tricks. East not only ruffed the ace of diamonds but then returned a trump, thus preventing declarer from ruffing an additional club with one of dummy's trumps. South might have held the loss to 300 points but, flustered by his miscue, he played badly and ended by going down 1,100.

Against Murray, East got the diamond opening he had hoped his double would elicit. Although this seemed to be the killing lead, it in fact helped insure the contract because Murray diagnosed the situation correctly and played a low diamond from dummy. East ruffed, and not even his trump return could succeed against Murray's perfect timing of the play. He put in an honor to win the trick in his hand, trumped a club in dummy, returned to his hand with the spade king and ruffed a second club. After cashing dummy's ace of spades, the South hand was re-entered by ruffing a third spade. Two more trump leads exhausted East, and the last trump play ruined West.

West's earlier discards had brought him down to four cards including the high spade and the queen-jack-7 of diamonds. Dummy held the ace-king-10 of diamonds and the 9 of spades. On the last trump lead, if West let go a spade, dummy's 9 would be high; if, instead of the spade, West discarded a diamond, North would win the last three tricks with the diamond ace-king-10. Making the doubled slam was worth 1,600 points which, added to the 1,100 collected at the other table, produced a swing of 23 International Match Points.

### EXTRA TRICK

When declarer has reached a slam voluntarily, a double by the defender who is not on lead asks partner for an unusual opening and commands him *not* to lead the suit the doubler has bid.

END



WINNING JOCKEY SHOEMAKER POSES ON OLD-STYLE WEIGH-IN SCALE AFTER RACE

## *Satan is the best of the survivors*

A few days before the ninth running of The Garden State last week, some of the contending owners and their trainers were hustled across the Jersey flats, led up to a posh private dining room at Manhattan's "21" club, fed on Cornish game hen and invited to talk horse. One was a tanned, dark-haired, 31-year-old named Gordon Potter, who handles horses for the Lexington, Ky., Crimson King Farm of Peter William Salmon, senior and junior.

When Potter took the floor to talk about the chances of his horse, Crimson Satan, it was immediately apparent that his rivals in The Garden State were not causing him any sleepless nights. Direct-

ing his particular attention to fellow guests from the rival camp of cofavorite Donut King, Potter gave everyone who was willing to listen a nearly perfect advance call on the big race. "I feel confident," he said, in a manner not very reminiscent of another trainer named Jimmy Jones. "We'll be right with Donut King when the running starts, and then I think that Crimson Satan will win by a couple of lengths."

When somebody was foolish enough to ask, "Why did you pick Shoemaker to ride?" Potter fielded like Nellie Fox: "I never heard anyone fault him too much, did you?" Shoemaker, who did not get in on the Cornish game hen, had

*continued*

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#### HORSE RACING

already given his advice to Potter: "Just feed this horse good and take care of him until Saturday."

The Salmens and Potter did take good care of Crimson Satan until Saturday. They fed him his usual 14 quarts a day, and when it came time to go to work on Saturday afternoon, this big chestnut son of Spy Song did exactly what he was supposed to. He beat Donut King by 2½ lengths for a near-record purse of \$180,819.

No one was much surprised to see the familiar speedster, Green Ticket, go right to the front in this 1½-mile race. Nor was anyone surprised to see him slow up turning for home and finish fifth. Crimson Satan was dead last going into the first turn, which reminded many in the crowd of 37,000 of the running style of Carry Back, winner in this same race a year ago. "He didn't break particularly well," said Shoemaker later, "and for the first 70 yards or so he was throwing his head all over the place. But going up the backstretch, he settled down and started to run. At the 3/8 pole we went inside a few horses, then circled the leaders turning for home—and that was the race."

#### Last chance coming up

Unlike many of the Spy Songs, who have a habit of stopping short of a mile, Crimson Satan seems to thrive on distance and has not displayed any temperament or, for that matter, any preference for a particular kind of track. "He could even," says silent Willie Shoemaker, "be a pretty good horse."

So, of course, could some of The Garden State's defeated runners—like Donut King, Obey, who finished third, and even Decidedly, a better colt than his eighth-place finish indicates. The last big chance this fall for any of the promising 2-year-olds still on their feet will be the November 18 Pimlico Futurity. Crimson Satan will be there to see if he can eliminate any other possible claims to the 2-year-old championship of a most confusing year.

It was unfortunate indeed that this running of The Garden State lacked the general excitement that has accompanied some of its previous renewals, when virtually all of the best 2-year-olds competed. How easy it is now to recall the madsummer days and the early fall afternoons when everybody in racing was singing the praises of a really fine crop

of youngsters. There was Ridan in Chicago, Rattle Dancer and Weldy in California; in the East there were George Widener's team of Jaipur and Endynson, Sir Gaylord, Cyane, Battle Joined and even such occasional stakes winners as Sunrise County, Steeward, Clover Leaf and I'm For More. None of these were present in The Garden State.

Why? Well, we will always hear the complaint that 2-year-olds are too often overrated. Some owners and trainers, however, prefer to blame the condition of the tracks, and let it go at that. Another point was voiced recently in *The Chronicle of the Horse*. "Far more important has been the long established practice of breeders to put to stud any animal which will transmit speed, no matter what its shortcomings in other respects. Thus, there have crept into the Thoroughbred breed various types of inherited unsoundness—crooked legs, round ankles, bad knees, shelly feet, curby hocks, soft and brittle bones."

This is not to say that any of the above-mentioned horses are now on the sidelines specifically because they are the offspring of sires which themselves turned out to be unsound. But the fact is that when we produce nearly 12,000 foals a year, the majority of them sired by horses which have been put into stud more for sentimental reasons than anything else, we are bound to increase the population of inferior racers.

Many of The Garden State's missing cast of characters are not yet—thank goodness—out of the picture for next year's 3-year-old classics. Ridan has had splint trouble and will be sent to Hialeah. There he will meet, in addition to Crimson Satan, Sir Gaylord, who is just plain tired; Jaipur, out of The Garden State because of a slight fever; and Endynson. Cyane and Battle Joined both suffered slight fractures. The owners of Weldy and Rattle Dancer simply decided to aim for the Santa Anita meeting rather than to ship east this fall.

All of this bunch will become 3 on January 1. At Santa Anita and Hialeah they'll tune up for the 1962 Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont. It is a sorry fact that before they get to these classic races some will be overrated, some will break down and some will fade away when the distances stretch out. Some owners, too, won't particularly give a damn as long as they can take home a check, somewhere along the line, for \$100,000 or more. Some of these colts, however, will finish in the Derby money

END

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED NOVEMBER 11, 1961



## The amateur revolt begins to take shape

**U.S. track coaches outline plans for representation for all the segments of their world**

Speaking from Honolulu a couple of weeks ago, Dan Ferris, the honorary secretary and, in fact, the ruler of the AAU said: "This uproar has been stirred up by about 5% of the track coaches in the U.S." Ferris was referring to the revolt of the coaches—in track and other sports—against the AAU's authority (SI, Sept. 25).

A few days later the executive committee of the National Collegiate Track Coaches Association disclosed a percentage of its own. While only 248 of 850 members had thus far answered its poll, 93.9% were in favor of the formation of a U.S. track and field federation. A number of leading college coaches have been organizing such a federation for some months now.

After the coaches' group revealed its figures, another AAU official tried a different tack. "This is a power play by the NCAA to take over amateur athletics in this country" said Pincus Sober, chairman of the AAU's Track and Field Committee.

In response the 18-man policy-directing council of the NCAA, after a meeting in New York, declared: "This . . . is not an effort by the NCAA to 'take over' or to 'control' amateur sports in this country. It is a determined effort to gain equitable representation for organizations deserving representation."

The NCAA has, indeed, endorsed the formation of autonomous federations to control individual sports in this country. At the moment the militant groups are basketball (through its own federation) and track and field. A dissident

element in both sports has been the NAIA, an association of small colleges that is wary of NCAA control.

Says Al Duer, the executive secretary of the NAIA: "Certainly we agree that autonomous control by the individual sports is preferable to one governing body in control of all amateur sports in this country. But, if this kind of autonomous federation comes into existence, the NAIA wants and should have fair representation."

### Salute to the small

This has been, in fact, taken into consideration by the rebelling track coaches. Chick Werner, coach at Penn State University and the president of the coaches association, says: "The executive committee of the NCTCA has agreed unanimously that the NAIA would have proportionate representation."

Larry Snyder, the U.S. Olympic track coach in 1960 and considered an advocate of AAU control, has now taken an independent position, aligning himself neither with the rebels nor the AAU.

"I am in favor of a track federation, organized and operated by knowledgeable sports people," he said last week. "International track and field is on the upswing and it behooves the U.S. to have a stronger track organization than is available under the present system."

"I understand that the NCAA is willing to underwrite such a federation with a permanent staff to administer track and field for all ages. Such a setup will be better for the sport because it will administer track and field only. There is no reason why the AAU should not be a voting member helping to establish the policy of the new federation."

Werner also believes the AAU has a definite place, as a member, in any new



**EX-OLYMPIC COACH** Larry Snyder of Ohio State endorses new track federation.

organization. "The main trouble," he says, "has been internationally, where the AAU has had all the voice. I don't think any one constituent should be the ruling group. We should all have proportionate representation." According to Werner, a new track and field federation would take over international responsibility, but the member groups (including the NCAA, the high school coaches, the Armed Forces) would continue control over their respective areas. The AAU would control postgraduate, noncollege and industrial athletes.

The solution seems clear. The new federation could easily set up a fair method for selecting athletes to compete on the national championship level. For example, the NCAA meet would qualify three, the AAU three, the NAIA two and the Armed Forces two. A high performance standard would be set. Anyone exceeding it would qualify for the national meet. If all the procedures in the new federation were to follow as democratic a plan as this, it would be hard to imagine Ferris, Sober or anyone else stopping the revolt.

**END**



BRITAIN'S COCKY JOHN FISHER AVOIDS LEOTIS MARTIN'S LEFT IN ROUT STOPPED IN THIRD ROUND, PETER BENNYWORTH FELS

## The night 10 Americans got clobbered

In London last week a team of skillful British amateur fighters avenged Phantim' Phil Scott and Brian London and ages of defeat

Wembley Pool, a London auditorium, is suitably named as far as a traveling American amateur boxing team is concerned; they took a terrible bath there in a match against Great Britain last week. The U.S. lost all 10 bouts. Six boxers failed to go the limit, three went, briefly, to hospital and two were badly enough injured to be lost to the team for the remainder of the tour. "We got the hell kicked out of us," explains Manager Red Taylor.

America's failure, fortunately, was more a fiasco than the disaster it could well have been (fighters can be seriously hurt in the ring) and was due, in part, to shortcomings familiar to this sort of junket: no money, no time, no conditioning. Although there were five AAU champions on the team, few of them had

trained since the championships last April. Eight boxers had averaged a disgraceful 10 rounds of training. Coach Buddy Carr, a policeman who had worked seven days a week since August to accumulate enough time off to make the trip, managed to squeeze in only one workout prior to the Wembley show.

The trip was organized on a shoestring. The team's trunks and robes, for instance, were donated by friends of Manager Taylor. "If it weren't for them," he says with some bitterness, "the boys would have stepped into the ring looking like bums. A line advertisement for America!"

On the other hand, the British squad was well-coached, experienced and in excellent condition. Amateur boxing flourishes in England and is a regular,

popular attraction on the telly (TV, that is). Heavyweight Billy Walker, who knocked out Cornelius Perry of Philadelphia, is as well known as his professional counterpart, Henry Cooper, and in a sense exalted professional defectors of past and present like Phantim' Phil Scott and Brian London. Lightweight Dick McTaggart, the 1956 Olympic gold medalist, is a brewery representative, and the dubious rewards of professional boxing have never seemed worth exchanging for a career in beer and fine sport. By contrast, Perry made the team only because the AAU champion and runner-up turned pro.

"It's a terrible thing to say," says Taylor about the debacle, "but it's the greatest thing that ever happened if it shakes up things at home."

END



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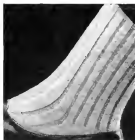


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## A SMART EAGLE

(continues from page 7)

their sweeps, it worked admirably for a while. The Bear tackle would hook the Eagle end in, and Galmore, with the hall and running room, gained consistently. Finally, Williams spread his ends a yard wider, so that the tacklers could not block them toward the inside, and that play, too, was nullified.

In the second half the Bears began using their fine middle backer, Bill George, as a middle guard, a stratagem that worked exceptionally well against the San Francisco 49ers. The maneuver placed George in the gap between the center and either the right or left guard.

"George has the quickest change over the ball of anyone I ever saw," Skorich said after the game. "He's across the line so fast most centers can't get their head between him and the quarterback, and he's in on the passer before the passer can unload. He breaks down your blocking in the center of the line. We weren't sure Chuck Bednarik could handle him, and we worked on variations in our blocking pattern in case George did break Bednarik down. But we never had to use them. Chuck would get a good contact on him and overpower him. He did the best blocking job on George I have ever seen."

The Eagle team as a whole blocked well. "I had lots of time to throw," Jurgensen said after the game. He was sitting on a table in the training room, nursing his bruised foot.

"Even on our last drive," he said, "we got the ball, with four minutes to go, on our four-yard line, and we controlled it for four minutes, all on running plays. Our offensive line was moving them out."

Clarence Peaks carried the ball on almost all of those last plays. It was an impressive display of power, and it confirms the suspicion that this Eagle team, which has had to struggle to win almost all of its games this season, is, in fact, an extraordinarily good team and not just a very lucky one.

As is often true, the club takes its personality from its quarterback. Jurgensen, who began this season with a cherubic, round face, has become a bit gaunt and much more serious-looking with the passing of the weeks. But he retains the self-confidence and the ebullience that has always marked him as a quarterback, two weeks ago, after receivers had dropped three straight passes in the

end zone to end a drive against the Redskins, he called the Eagle observer in the press box and said, deadpan, "I guess I called the wrong plays."

Last Sunday he called few wrong plays. In the second half his foot tormented him, and the Bears changed their always-confusing defense even more, but Jurgensen got the winning touchdown. He is a vigilant Eagle. **END**

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE

##### THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds Back	Yds Fwd	Pts Comp
GIANTS VS	50	147	234	17-37
PEORIA VS	0	31	55	9-26
COLTS VS	45	189	219	23-36
PACERS VS	71	141	64	7-18
LIONS VS.	70	337	265	19-36
ASERS	70	313	213	16-26
RAMS VS	31	295	67	10-29
VIKINGS	17	253	148	12-22
EAGLES VS	16	105	237	18-33
BEARS	14	126	89	4-12
STEELERS VS	17	160	196	12-18
BROWNS	13	148	304	10-19
CARDINALS VS	33	127	71	6-17
COWBOYS	17	136	238	14-33

#### EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct
PHILADELPHIA	7	1	0	.875
N.Y. GIANTS	6	2	0	.750
CLEVELAND	5	3	0	.625
DALLAS	4	4	0	.500
ST. LOUIS	4	4	0	.500
PITTSBURGH	3	5	0	.375
WASHINGTON	0	8	0	.000

#### WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct
GREEN BAY	6	2	0	.750
CHICAGO	5	3	0	.625
DETROIT	4	3	3	.571
SAN FRANCISCO	4	3	3	.571
BALTIMORE	4	4	0	.500
LOS ANGELES	2	6	0	.250
MINNESOTA	1	7	0	.125

#### AMERICAN LEAGUE

##### THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds Back	Yds Fwd	Pts Comp
CHARGERS VS	48	184	165	12-23
TITANS	33	90	111	12-36
OLDS VS	35	214	248	19-37
BROWNS	14	74	132	20-47
RAIDERS VS	31	125	256	15-28
BILLS	22	124	241	12-29
PATRIOTS VS	28	84	145	16-30
TEXANS	21	64	300	28-33

#### EASTERN DIVISION

	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct
BOSTON	5	3	1	.625
HOUSTON	4	3	1	.571
NEW YORK	4	4	0	.500
BUFFALO	3	6	0	.333

#### WESTERN DIVISION

	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct
SAN DIEGO	5	0	0	1.000
DALLAS	3	5	0	.375
SEWER	3	6	0	.333
CANLAND	2	6	0	.250

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## BIG DECISIONS

continues from page 71

played in the last Rose Bowl game, and the policy has always been against inviting the same team twice in a row.

On the other hand, the Faculty Council at Ohio State opposes Bowl games, and would have to be won over if Ohio State were to play in Pasadena. No one

seems ready to guess whether public pressure might force such a change in faculty opinion. And there is always the question of whether the Big Five would extend an invitation without positive assurance that it would not be rejected. As long as this poised and powerful team of Woody Hayes's keeps winning, the Rose Bowl dilemma will be a favorite conversational piece in Columbus. **END**

## FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

As it prepared for its night game with LSU last Saturday, second-ranked Mississippi had a right to consider itself the No. 1 team in the country, for that afternoon, as Ole Miss was well aware, first-ranked Michigan State had lost to Minnesota, thus vacating the top position.

A few hours later that position was filled—but not by Mississippi. It belonged to Texas or Alabama or Ohio State or Colorado, all of which had won games to remain undefeated, Mississippi, which had lost to LSU 10-7, was out on the sidewalk.

Mississippi had started the second half with a 7-3 lead—still the top team in the country. But midway through the third period, LSU marched 80 yards, most of it on a 57-yard run by Jerry Stovall. With the ball on the seven-yard line, LSU tried a new reverse play it had never used before. Halfback Wendell Harris scooted into the end zone untouched, and Mississippi was dead.

Of the teams fighting for the national title, only Colorado had trouble winning. Matched against Missouri, its closest rival for the Big Eight championship and a trip to the Orange Bowl, Colorado scored on a 21-yard pass seconds before the end of the first half to lead 7-0. Missouri came back to score in the final period and then gambled on a two-point conversion and victory. Mike Hunter lobbed a pass into the end zone, which Colorado's Reed Johnson barely deflected with his fingertips. Coach Sonny Grandelius heaved a sigh of relief that could be heard a mile away.

### THE EAST

For an entire year Syracuse had brooded over its 1960 defeat by Pitt. Last Saturday, after the Panthers built up a 9-0 lead, it looked as if the men from Piety Hill were in for another year of brood-

ing. But Ernie Davis charged over from the eight-yard line late in the second quarter and, after that, there was simply no containing Syracuse. Davis slashed away at the Pitt line for 119 yards, Dave Saricte passed to End John Mackey and Davis for two touchdowns and ran for another and the aroused Syracuse defenders howled over the Panther backs so forcefully they jarrred them loose from the ball four times. The result, a 28-9 victory for Syracuse.

Meanwhile, other eastern independents were busy building a modest prestige at the expense of second- and third-line Midwestern rivals. Boston College, trailing meekly behind Iowa State 10-0, as it was supposed to, suddenly came to life in the last quarter and beat the Cyclones 14-10. Army, even without injured Quarterback Dick Eckert, was hardly a fair match for Detroit, especially after the Titans lost their line quarterback, Jerry Gross, with a broken ankle in the second period, and the Cadets won 34-7. Holy Cross had the easiest time of all, beating Dayton 28-0.

Yale's demise as the Ivy League champion was almost complete. The bumbling Elis handed grateful Dartmouth an early touchdown, and the aggressive Indians methodically followed Quarterback Bill King to an easy 24-8 triumph. However, even without Yale, there were enough live contenders to challenge first-place Princeton, which stomped over poor Brown 52-0. Columbia's Tom Haggerty dashed through Cornell for 84-, 64- and 47-yard touchdown runs as the Lions won 35-7, and unpredictable Harvard throttled Penn's single wing, winning 37-6.

The Mid-Atlantic race was heading for a showdown. Unbeaten Rutgers (6-0) rolled over Lafayette 37-6 and can win the title by defeating Delaware (a 28-0

continues

APRIL 11, 1982/ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 61



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### FOOTBALL'S WEEK

winner over Temple Saturday. Lehigh out of the running, upset Colgate 20-15. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (4-0)
2. NAVY (3-0)
3. PENN STATE (4-0)

### THE SOUTH

Maryland Coach Tom Nugent can make a little knowledge go a long way. When his scouts reported that Penn State's linebackers usually swung wide with the flankers and its defensive backs played deep, he decided to use Dick Shiner, his best passer, at quarterback and shifted Tackle Walter Rock to right guard for more protection. It worked. While Rock held out the crashing State linemen and End Gary Collins confused the secondary with his tricky patterns, Shiner pitched three touchdown passes and Maryland upset State 21-17.

Despite LSU's win over Mississippi, the SEC race—and the battle for bowl bids—was far from over. Unbeaten Alabama, which plays neither Ole Miss nor LSU, moved effortlessly past Mississippi State, 24-0, to remain at the top, while Georgia Tech was still alive after beating Florida 20-0. The Jackets found a weak spot in Florida's sizzling middle, sent Fullback Mike McNames charging through it behind their powerful guards to set up two touchdowns, and the rest was easy. Even some of the also-rans had fun. Quarterback Bobby Hunt passed and ran Auburn to a 21-7 victory over Wake Forest. Kentucky smothered Florida State 20-0 but lost Passer Jerry Woolson with a broken leg.

But Saturday wasn't fun for Tennessee and Georgia. Tennessee watched almost helplessly while Quarterback Ray Farris moved North Carolina 80 yards in 66 seconds. He threw a 28-yard touchdown pass to Ward Marslander with 15 seconds to go, then pitched a two-pointer to Gib Carson to beat the Aols 22-21. Miami, physically sound again, romped over Georgia 32-7 as slick sophomore George Mira ran and passed for four touchdowns.

General Mark Clark's program for athletic proficiency at The Citadel finally came to fruition. The Bulldogs went ahead of VMI 14-8, then hung on grimly for their first Southern Conference title in 24 years. The top three:

1. ALABAMA (7-0)
2. LSU (6-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI (6-1)

### THE MIDWEST

While Ohio State took the measure of Iowa 29-13, Minnesota rocked Michigan State 13-0 in the Big Ten. Purdue, which had been the first to unmask the Hawkeyes, beat Illinois 23-9. Northwestern managed to squeak past Indiana 14-8 and Michigan's Bennie McRae finally got a good grip on the football and carried it over for three touchdowns to help the Wolverines outscore Duke 28-14.

Although Colorado's victory over Missouri gave it a firm hold on the Big Eight title, second-place Kansas looked better than ever. Quarterback John Hadl completed seven out of 10 passes for 113 yards and skillfully directed the Jayhawkers to 229 yards on the ground as they whopped Nebraska 28-6. There was even some consolation for Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson. After five straight defeats, his Sooners rolled around the rushes of sophomore Fullback Dick Battie and senior Halfback Mike McClellan to beat Kansas State 17-6. However, there was no solace for Oklahoma State, which lost to Wichita's Missouri Valley champions 25-13.

Navy, which had started the season with such meager hopes, pulled another rabbit out of its cap. The Midshipmen battled bigger and browner Notre Dame to a standstill in the line, and End Greg Mather sent the Irish to their third straight loss, 13-10, with two field goals. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (6-0-1)
2. COLORADO (6-0)
3. MINNESOTA (6-0)

### THE SOUTHWEST

There is just no stopping Texas. SMU thought it had when it held the Longhorns scoreless in the first half. But the first time Texas got the ball in the third quarter, it sent Jim Saxton winging around right end for 79 yards and a touchdown. Before the crisp fall afternoon was over, Saxton zigged and zagged through the crestfallen Mustangs for 173 yards. Jerry Cook rammed over for two touchdowns. Tommy Ford added a fourth and the Longhorns won 27-0.

While Texas moved relentlessly toward the SWC title, the rest of the league was still hopelessly going through the motions. Arkansas, after squirming uncomfortably behind Texas A&M 8-7, scored with 57 seconds to play to heat the Aggies 15-8, and Rice hammered Texas Tech 42-7. The only surprise was provided by Baylor. Coach John Bridgers spruced up

continued





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the Bears' jaded pro-type offense with halfback passes, fancy reverses and reverse passes, put Dalton Hoffman, an agile 205-pound sophomore, at fullback, and turned the combination loose against TCU. Hoffman depressed the Frogs with his line-blasting, everything else worked just fine and Baylor won 28-14.

Arizona, which plans to join Wyoming in the new Great Western Conference next year, was inhospitable when the Cowboys came to Tucson. Quarterback Eddie Wilson shocked them with his precise passing and left them gasping when he tossed 33 yards to Bobby Thompson with 1:37 to go for a 20-15 Arizona victory. The top three:

1. TEXAS (7-0)
2. ARIZONA (5-2)
3. RICE (4-0)

#### THE WEST

**UCLA** Coach Billy Barnes planned to beat California with wide sweeps, and that's just the way it happened. Tailbacks Bobby Smith and Mike Haffner shuttled in and out, passing only long enough to tear around and occasionally through the leaky Cal line. Smith kicked a 26-yard field goal, ran 30, 1 and 63 yards for touchdowns and gained 177 yards. Haffner scored once, passed for another touchdown and ran for 119 yards. All told, UCLA rushed for 413 yards to whip Cal 35-15 and move closer to the Rose Bowl.

In another Big Five game, USC and Washington stormed at each other in a fruitless fury of long gains, intercepted passes and penalties, finally settled for a sodden 0-0 tie at Seattle. Stanford, back in its familiar cellar spot, had the misfortune to run into Oregon's swift Mel Renfro on one of his rare healthy days, and he beat the Indians 19-7. Renfro scored twice—on a four-yard plunge and a 94-yard kickoff return—and passed for a third touchdown. Oregon State's Don Kasso, converted from halfback to split end, caught eight of Tailback Terry Baker's passes for 93 yards, and the Beavers muddled past Washington State 14-6.

The Skyline race was down to two teams, Wyoming and Utah State, after Utah was upset by New Mexico 21-16, and undefeated but tied (by Wyoming) Utah State whopped Brigham Young 31-8. The top three:

1. UTAH STATE (7-0-1)
2. UCLA (5-2)
3. WYOMING (3-1-3)

## SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

**Notre Dame over Pitt.** The Pitt defenses will be stacked to stop Notre Dame's running, but the Irish are hungry after three straight losses.

**Columbia over Dartmouth.** A sound running attack, an aggressive line and Tom Vassell's accurate passing should enable the Lions to overcome tricky Dartmouth.

**Navy over Duke.** The Middies have developed quality to go with their quantity, but they may need Greg Mather's educated kicking to pull them through against Duke.

**Maryland over North Carolina State.** The ambitious Terps have an eye on a bowl bid, and Coach Tom Nugent will find a way to stop Roman Gabriel's passing.

**Michigan State over Purdue.** But only if the badly deflated Spartans have plugged their weak spots.

**Minnesota over Iowa.** That solid Gopher defense and Sandy Stephens will be too much for the slipping Hawkeyes.

**Wisconsin over Northwestern.** Ron Miller's passing and Pat Richter's catching should be enough to win for the Badgers.

**Colorado over Utah.** The unbeaten Buffs are out to scalp the Redskins. They have the backs and the line to do it.

**UCLA over TCU.\*** The Frogs are only as good as Sonny Gibbs's passing—which hasn't been quite good enough to win lately.

**Arkansas over Rice.** The Porkers and the Owls have one thing in common—they were both trounced by Texas. Better backs give the edge to Arkansas.

#### Other games

IOWA STATE OVER NEBRASKA  
KANSAS OVER KANSAS STATE  
KENTUCKY OVER VANDERBILT  
LSU OVER NORTH CAROLINA  
OREGON STATE OVER WASHINGTON  
PENN STATE OVER WEST VIRGINIA  
PRINCETON OVER HARVARD  
RUTGERS OVER DELAWARE  
TEXAS OVER BAYLOR  
USC OVER STANFORD

\*Friday night game.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:  
10 RIGHT, 5 WRONG, 1 TIE  
SEASON'S RECORD: 66-46-6



**BACK OF THE WEEK:** Passing for one TD, lateraling for another, Sandy Stephens led Minnesota to upset of Michigan State.



**LINEMAN OF WEEK:** End Greg Mather harassed Notre Dame backs, helped Navy to win with 42- and 21-yard field goals.

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# Don't Pull up for Doc

*Dr. Raworth Williams is a 66-year-old surgeon who three years ago captained the Dallas Athletic Club to a national polo championship. Doc still plays a fast, hard game, and says he'll quit the day younger players start easing up on him*

by GERALD HOLLAND

The blonde nurse looked up from her desk in the reception room of Dr. Raworth Williams' offices in Dallas. She smiled brightly. "Do you wish to become a patient?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I wish to become better informed on Dr. Williams' remarkable career as a polo player. I just arrived in town from Tulsa. I had hoped to see Dr. Williams there. He was supposed to bring up a team to play a 12-goal exhibition game against Minneapolis. However, the players he was counting on had other commitments and so the exhibition was called off. So I called Dr. Williams and he said he'd be glad to talk to me here in Dallas and take me out to see his breeding and training farm, where I understand he also has a fine polo field." I handed her a card.

"Oh, yes," said the nurse, looking at the card. "Dr. Williams is expecting you. He's seeing his last patient for the

day right now. It shouldn't be too long. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," I said.

The nurse looked at the card again. "Are you going to give Dr. Williams a write-up?"

"That is my intention," I said. "But it was also my intention to witness a National Inter-Circuit polo tournament in Tulsa. There were supposed to be teams there from California, Illinois, New York and Texas. But, for one reason or another, all the out-of-town teams withdrew with the exception of San Antonio. The national tournament boiled down to a single game. Of course, it's easy to understand how these things fall through. Most of the players are business and professional men and a certain number of them are bound to have conflicts. Fielding a team in a tournament is no casual business when you consider the number of ponies that have to be brought along

by each player. But, I suppose, working with a well-known polo player like Dr. Williams, you know a great deal more about these things than I do."

The nurse shook her head. "I don't know a thing," she said, "because I'm not Dr. Williams' regular nurse. I'm just filling in during his regular nurse's vacation."

"Well, then," I said, "I can tell you one thing. Dr. Williams is an amazing man to be playing a rough, fast, hard-riding, bruising game like polo at the age of 66. Have you any idea of the punishment that man has taken on the polo field?"

"I don't believe so," said the nurse.

"Just 21 fractures, that's all," I said.

"Seven hand fractures, 11 ribs broken, a fractured ankle, two fractures of the transverse process of the vertebra. All this plus a shoulder injury. And never, at any time, did he stay in bed more than two or three days."

"Well, I declare," said the nurse. Suddenly, she stood up at her desk. "I believe doctor's finished with that last patient now."

Dr. Williams, wearing a long white coat, walked through the reception room to the door, shook hands with a heavy-set man and gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "I'll see you next week," he said. He turned and faced the nurse's desk. He was a man standing about 5 feet 9, strong-jawed, with iron-gray hair, lean, flat-waisted, quick to smile. He glanced inquiringly at the nurse.



*Dr. Williams is one of polo's rare left-handers—He (and he's the only one who acts)*

*Tommy Williams*

"This is the man come to do the write-up, doctor," she said.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Williams, putting out his hand. "How do you do. I'm glad you could come down from Tulsa. I've kept the afternoon free so's we could go out and see the farm. Afterwards, I thought we'd have dinner."

"That would be wonderful, doctor," I said.

He frowned suddenly.

"Only one thing bothers me," he said. "Now I'll be pleased to show you around the farm and talk polo all you want. But since I spoke to you on the phone I've had some misgivings about a write-up. I just don't see how I deserve a write-up. Three years ago I might have, but now—well, what have I done lately?"

"Three years ago, doctor," I said, "you took a team representing the Dallas Athletic Club to the National Open at Oak Brook Polo Club in Hinsdale, Ill. and you won what is known as the world series of polo. Two years before that you were a member of the Brandywine, Pa. team that also won the National Open. In 1948 your team won the National Inter-Circuit. For years you've been the only left-handed player in high-goal polo, and I think you still are."

"Well," said Dr. Williams, "Young Tommy Hitchcock, the son of the great 10-goaler, is a left-hander and he's got a one-goal handicap right now. I believe he's still in Harvard. But that doesn't alter the fact that I haven't been on a winning team in a big tournament lately."

*continued*

"But it's perfectly possible, isn't it," I said, "that you could captain another great team to represent the Dallas Athletic Club and go after the National Open championship again next year? Maybe sign up Bob Skene again? I believe that, along with Cecil Smith, Skene is one of the two 10-goal players in the country?"

The doctor nodded.

"But," I persisted, "I'm not thinking of tournaments and championships. I'm thinking of a man who has been playing polo for 35 years and is still playing two

Texas and I swear to you I can't remember when I learned to ride. At the University of Texas, before I went on to medical school at Columbia University in New York, I played quarterback on the football team and first base on the baseball team. When I finished my internship at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York I set up practice here in Dallas and started playing polo as a member of a National Guard team and have been at it ever since."

"And you don't think all this justifies a write-up?"

The doctor shook his head. "I'm speaking of lately—lately."

as I am sure you would be with a patient, the one thing that would give me pause would be to learn that you're easing up in polo and that some of the younger players are easing up on you. Pulling up for you, I believe the phrase is. Avoiding any hard-riding body contact. Making allowances for your age."

The doctor's eyes flashed, and he seemed to blanch under his tan.

"Nobody pull up for me," he snapped. "And I don't pull up for anybody else. The day they start pulling up for Doc Williams, that's the day I quit—and quit for good."

He nodded his head vigorously and slipped out of his white coat. He started back to the examining rooms. "I'll be with you in a minute," he said. "We'll get on out to the farm and look at some horses."

A little later Dr. Williams, wearing a broad-brimmed Stetson, was behind the wheel of his air-conditioned Cadillac, holding the speedometer needle at an even 70. He was pointed for his 100-acre farm, which is about 12 miles northwest of Dallas.

"We were speaking," he said, "of the Dallas Athletic Club winning the National Open in 1958. You must remember that another Dallas team, the Circle F, captained by Russell Firestone Jr., won the Open the following year and took the National 20-goal championship as well."

"Isn't it true, doctor, that polo is enjoying a modest sort of renaissance throughout the country?"

"Yes, and particularly in Florida and the Middle West. A magazine had quite a write-up this past summer on what Robert Uhlen and his associates have done to popularize the game in Milwaukee."

"I read that write-up," I said. "I was surprised to see that the polo games played at Mr. Uhlen's farm drew crowds as large as 3,000 regularly."

Dr. Williams laughed shortly.

"That's very encouraging, of course," he said, "but I can remember when the East-West and International games

*continued*



Dr. Williams keeps a string of eight ponies at his polo field on farm near Dallas.

and three times a week, even if only in pickup matches out at your own field. I'd like to find out how a man of 66 can do it—how he can stay in shape to do it. I mean to say, you take a 66-year-old golfer. Show me one who isn't using a cart."

"Golf carts should be outlawed," said the doctor. He reflected a moment and then chuckled. "I remember some years ago in Chicago, a reporter asked me, 'Doctor, how do you get in shape for tournament polo?' I said, 'Hell's bells, young man, I have never been *out* of shape.' Oh, I was a goin' dude then, as we say in Texas. But it was the absolute truth. I was raised on a ranch in West

"All right. How about just last spring when you were awarded the Governor of Texas Polo Award? Cecil Smith got the first one, you got the second. And on the occasion of your award, somebody said that you had the physique of a man of 35. How about all the things you've done to promote polo in Dallas? How about your terms as governor of the Southwestern Circuit of the U.S. Polo Association?"

The doctor rebbed his chin.

I said, "I see only one thing that could militate against this write-up."

Dr. Williams' eyes narrowed. "What?" he said.

"Well, to be frank with you, doctor,

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played at the Meadow Brook club on Long Island, New York would draw 30,000 spectators—and turn people away. Those were the golden days of polo, the late 1920s and most of the 1930s. Those were the days of Tommy Hitchcock, Mike Phipps, Stewart Iglehart and the others of that caliber—Cecil Smith, a 10-goaler then and a 10-goaler today at the age of 58. Why, they used to field 30- and even 40-goal teams. When we won the National Open we had a team handicap of 26."

"Polo," I said, "probably was out-drawing the New York baseball clubs most of the time in those golden days."

"Without a doubt," the doctor said.

"Well, what made polo decline as a spectator sport?"

"The war," said the doctor. "Polo was expendable as a spectator sport and many players went into service. The cavalry was mechanized. A lot of officers had been polo players and the National Guard units had teams. Then there were the high income taxes. Naturally, that hit hard at an expensive game like polo."

"Taxes aren't getting any lower, doctor. How come polo is gaining again?"

"Well, the younger players have formed clubs and they share ponies. This enables young men who couldn't possibly afford to keep a string of ponies to play regularly."

Dr. Williams had turned off the Stemmons Expressway and was now on Highway 77. After a while he pointed to a road sign.

"Joe Field Road," I read aloud.

"Joe Field," said Dr. Williams, "was a patient of mine. I have him to thank for the farm we're going to see. One day when he was leaving my office, he said, 'Doc, a man never amounts to anything until he owns land. I've put in a bid in your name for some farmland northwest of town.' Well, I said, 'Whoa. What will I do with that kind of property?' Joe Field looked at me and said, 'Doc, you just hold on to it.'"

"Well, sir, I did just that. I paid about \$30,000 for the property. I've already gotten back nearly twice that amount and still have practically all the land. I was paid for a small parcel that will accommodate an extension of the Stem-



Some of Dr. Williams' numerous trophies are stacked temporarily on top of sleepers.

mons Expressway and I was also compensated by the power company that had run a line across one corner. Now the area is zoned for industrial use, and I don't know what it will bring if I ever decide to sell. I don't want ever to lose my polo field, but—bearing in mind the advice Joe Field gave me—I've put my profits and somewhat more into 275 acres about 50 miles farther out."

The car turned left off 77 at Forest Lane, and after a few hundred yards it swung into a driveway that led to an old, small farmhouse.

I stay out here most of the time," said Dr. Williams. "It's not much of a house, but I like it. Yonder are the stables and the corrals and the polo field. I'm so proud of. Actually, there are a couple of other fields on the property,

but this is the one where all the big games are played. We play the Intra-Circuit and intercity games here, and there's usually some kind of action two or three times a week. Porfino Rubirosa will be playing here later this month. He ought to be a big attraction—to the womenfolks, anyway. Seriously, he's a fine player."

He touched his shoulder. "This shoulder condition of mine has improved considerably of recent months. Some of the boys were remarking the other day that I'm hitting the ball very well right now, very well indeed."

He gazed out over his field. "You'll notice the creeks running around the field make it an island. You see those three ponies looking at us over the fence? They've been to the polo wars, all right. On the right there is Blue Bug, my favorite, and next is Billy the Skid. I named him for Billy Skidmore who sold him

continued

to me—Billy's a six-goal player. The third pony there is Shorty. I never know exactly how many horses are here, what with the foals and the colts and the fillies and the mares and my stud. Generally in the neighborhood of 30, I would say. I always have several ponies in training as working cow ponies at various ranches near by."

We turned back to the farmhouse. The doctor unlocked the front door and led the way into the living room and a scene of monumental clutter. There were polo trophies everywhere: cups, plates, trays, bowls, boxes, lighters, automobile radiator emblems. There were stacks upon stacks of horse journals, dominated by a pile of back issues of *The Chronicle*, published in the citadel of the horse, Middleburg, Va., lately become an international dateline because of the Kennedys sometimes being in residence there. In the corners there were polo mallets by the score, polo balls were here, there

and everywhere. A great bookcase was filled with trophies and books about horses. Through one door there was a glimpse of the kitchen, with trophies atop the deepfreeze, polo balls spilling out of sacks and filling paper cartons to the brim. And more mallets leaning against the walls.

Dr. Williams walked over to a closet and opened it. It was filled with mallets. He reached in and picked one mallet from a coat hook. "This is one I'm proud to own. I'm like a kid with a Roger Maris bat. This mallet was given to me by Bob Sikene, the 10-goaler who played with us in the Open."

"You live here alone, doctor?"

"I spend all the time I can here. I like to ride in the evenings and in the mornings. A couple of nights a week I stay downtown at the Athletic Club. I have a woman come in to clean. I'm after her all the time to keep those trophies polished, but I guess I ask too much. The place is cleaned well, even if it is in some disorder."

The doctor looked around and then turned to answer an unasked question.

"I've been married," he said. "We had no children. I come from a family of 11 children and I'm the only one who didn't have any." He paused and picked up a trophy tray. "Why," he said, "it's difficult to read this inscription. This simply has to be polished." He sat down in a big chair near the fireplace. He was silent a moment.

"On the subject of marriage," he said, "I must confess that I have come to have some sympathy for a woman's inability to understand why a man would put the price of a mink coat into a polo pony."

I sat down on a sofa, moving some horse magazines out of the way. "Doctor," I said, "as a busy surgeon, you must have had situations when your polo and professional interests were in conflict."

"Yes," said Dr. Williams, "many, many times. Surgery is my first love and there's never any doubt about that. But on frequent occasions I've been off playing in a tournament when some emergency has come up. I've often been called

off the field and rushed to the airport to fly back to Dallas for an operation. And there have been times when I was able to see that the patient was making a good recovery and get back to the tournament before it was over. Frequently I've dropped out of a game to give first aid to a fellow player who has been injured."

"I've had to respond to some emergencies right here at the farm. Just the other morning I discovered a deep gash in the leg of a broodmare I acquired recently. The mares had gotten into a fight and I had to run down to stop it. It's most unusual for broodmares to fight. Anyway, I took a figure-eight stitch in the leg of this new mare and I think she'll be all right."

Some years ago," he went on, "one of my broodmares named Meadow Brown was about to drop a foal a little ahead of schedule. In her distress she had made her way to the side of the house, just outside my bedroom window. I was awakened by her groans. I threw on a robe and rushed out and sized up the situation. It was a difficult delivery. I suppose I got unduly excited because I was accustomed to leave such matters to my vet. I started to run across the field to the house of the man working for me yelling, 'Get the vet! Get the vet!'"

"Then I suddenly stopped in my tracks. 'Whoa!' I said, 'what's the matter with you? You're a hell of a doctor! Get on back there and help that poor mare!'"

The doctor threw back his head and laughed at himself. "Now this," he said, "was a Fourth of July morning. And do you know what flashed into my mind as I turned and ran toward the mare?"

"What?"

"Another Fourth of July morning more than 40 years ago. I was riding ambulance for St. Vincent's Hospital in New York. We had an emergency call to an apartment on Washington Square. It was a middle-class family of some means, but they couldn't locate the family doctor immediately. The mother was about to give birth prematurely. It was a most difficult delivery. And, mind you, twins. I handled that situation with all the confidence of a young intern in his 20s. The father was so grateful that as



Dr. Williams checks out with Nurse Betty Rotsburg in office before afternoon of polo.

# The Day Kaz Roared

Ten years ago Dick Kazmaier put on one of football's most spectacular one-man shows

by GWILYM S. BROWN

Ten years ago, on October 27, 1951, a record football crowd of 49,000 pushed and packed their way into Princeton's Palmer Stadium to watch undefeated Cornell play undefeated Princeton. As the huge throng settled back on that warm Indian summer afternoon, it looked forward eagerly to a tight, exciting game between two powerful defensive teams and two volatile offenses—Cornell's, geared around the superb passing and T quarterbacking of Rocco Calvo, Princeton's, around its magnificent triple-threat tailback, Dick Kazmaier. What it saw, however, was one of the most memorable one-man offensive spectacles in college football history. It was a performance that ranked with the best of Red Grange or Tommy Harmon and which eventually brought to its creator, Richard William Kazmaier Jr., just about every honor a football player can win in one season.

## Too small for football

Three years earlier few people thought that Kazmaier, then a scrawny, 17-year-old Princeton freshman from Maumee, Ohio, would ever amount to much as a college football player. He was 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighed only 155 pounds when he trotted timidly onto the football field for the first day of freshman practice in the fall of 1948. His narrow shoulders and slim build made him look like a tennis player who had wandered into the wrong locker room and had been tucked into a football suit by mistake. Back home in Maumee (pop. 5,500 in 1948), Kazmaier was considered a pretty good buck and an even better basketball

continued



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## The Day Kaz Roared *continued*

player (he averaged 23 points a game with a deadly one-hand push shot). But at Princeton, Kazmaier seemed to be out of his league.

"I tell you I really felt like the country boy I was," Kazmaier said recently. "I'd never really been away from home before. There were almost as many guys out for freshman football as there were boys in my entire high school. They looked so much more formidable, so much more proficient than anything I'd



KAZMAIER WAS UNANIMOUS ALL-AMERICA

ever encountered before. I was seriously worried that I wouldn't get to play football at all."

Kazmaier did get to play as a freshman, but he didn't impress anyone. He started the season as a defensive safety man and third-string offensive tailback. As the fall progressed, he was dropped from the defensive team, but saw action for 10 to 15 minutes on offense in each of the last three games and bobbed up with a 60-yard touchdown run against the Penn Frosh. Princeton Varsity Coach Charlie Caldwell brushed him aside as simply "too small for varsity athletics."

It was Kazmaier's experience with the freshman basketball team during the winter that finally started him off on his amazing football career. A terror for detail, he stayed late after practice every day, working alone on his moves and his shots. The combination of hard work and natural ability proved to be a profitable puring for both Kazmaier and the

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basketball coach. He ended the 1948-49 basketball season as the freshman team's leading scorer with an average of more than 17 points a game but, more importantly, he had a brand-new feeling of confidence and power.

"What the basketball season told me," said Kazmaier, "was that I could still come out on top, that I could still be a good athlete in this kind of competition. I was developing more confidence in all respects and getting adjusted to the campus environment. I had no friends at all when I first came to school, but now I knew a lot of people. I was a different guy when I went out for spring football practice in 1949."

Kazmaier was an athlete who always showed a profound if slightly humorless devotion to the mastery of any technique he thought made good sense. As a high school junior, for instance, he was taught a Frank Leahy passing drill by his coach (alternately crouching on one knee and standing, he would snatch up a football from the ground and then fake a pass in one direction before flipping it quickly to a teammate running in another). The drill seemed to work so well that it became one he performed almost every day during the football season for the next six years. Now in the spring the already hard-working Kazmaier played with a confident flair that had been missing the previous autumn. He threw two touchdown passes in the varsity's climactic spring intrasquad game and became a leading candidate for the starting tailback spot.

#### Tigers' offensive star

Kazmaier progressed rapidly after that. He started every game of his sophomore year and led the Ivy League in total offense with 1,155 yards gained running and passing. In his junior year Kazmaier was the offensive star of the powerful Tiger squad that swept unbeaten and united through a nine-game season and finished the year as the eighth-ranked team in the country. Oddly enough, it was not until the Cornell game that year (1950) that he really began to feel that he knew what he was doing.

"Before that game," Kazmaier recalled, "if I broke loose on a long run I'd be surprised to find nobody around me. I was relying almost entirely on speed. But now I found myself running with confidence, knowing how to use my blockers, knowing where to expect the openings downfield, how to spin away

*continued*



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## The Day Kaz Roared

when I got hit, how to apply pressure at the most valuable moment. It was sort of a culmination of all the games I'd played and all the things I'd learned."

Both Cornell and Princeton went into the 1950 game undefeated, but it turned out to be a long and gloomy afternoon for the team from Ithaca. Princeton won 27-0. Kazmaier scored two touchdowns (one a 70-yard sprint on a fake reverse off his right tackle), completed seven of nine passes and booted a punt dead on Cornell's one-yard line at a crucial point in the third quarter. That victory over highly rated Cornell was the



KAZ PASSES ON THE RUN FOR TOUCHDOWN

game that made Princeton's fine season possible, and it contained some strong indications of what would occur exactly a year later.

It was not the same Princeton team, however, that faced Cornell on Oct. 27, 1951. Kazmaier was the only returnee from the starting offensive platoon that had helped earn Caldwell his Coach of the Year honors in 1950. Cornell once again was undefeated coming into the game, and so, surprisingly, this year, was Princeton. In fact, the Tigers were riding a 17-game winning streak. Caldwell, by no means sure of the outcome, hoped Princeton could score at least three times and win by a point. He vowed that if Princeton won, the team could chuck him bodily into Lake Carnegie.

Shortly after the opening kickoff, Princeton took possession of the ball on its own 28. The Tigers scored 12 plays later. Kazmaier threw three passes during the march, completing all of them for gains of 10, 27, and seven yards. But the key play was a typical Kazmaier



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run. Scooting to the right on a pass play from the Cornell 35, the Princeton tailback failed to spot a receiver in the clear. What he did spot were three Cornell linemen charging in from his right, intent on smashing him to the ground. Kazmaier did a full pivot away from the onrushing group, streaked back across the field, swung down the left side and went 22 yards before he was stopped on the 13. Three plays later, at 7:32 of the first quarter, Fullback Russ McNeil backed across for the score.

Cornell came back quickly to score on a 34-yard pass by Culvo, but early in the



KAZ INTO LINE FOR A TOUCHDOWN

second quarter Kazmaier threw a 33-yard scoring pass to Wingback Dick Pivrotto and Princeton led 13-6. Then, with only 90 seconds left in the first half, Kazmaier made what he still considers the best running play of his college career. It was a whirling, zigzagging touchdown play of seven yards that clinched the game for Princeton.

"It was a delayed back," says Kazmaier. "I took the pass from center, made a half spin on a fake hand-off to the wingback and then charged straight back up the middle. There wasn't much of a hole, but I bounced off a couple of guys and wound up in the end zone still running. I felt terrific after that. Man, I knew I'd done something real fine."

#### Pressure passes and runs

Kazmaier kept up the pressure all during the second half, flitting through and around Cornell tacklers, tossing passes with unerring accuracy. He passed 45 yards to Pivrotto for a touchdown, four yards to End Len Lyons for another

continued



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## *The Day Kaz Roared* continued

and ran 50 yards on a reverse to set up Princeton's final touchdown (which he scored himself on a fake reverse from the three). When the game was over, Kazmaier had led Princeton to an astonishing 53-15 victory over what had been considered one of the strongest teams in the country.

"The greatest one-man performance I've ever seen since I started coaching," said Cornell's Lefty James, a coach since 1930. Kazmaier's statistics tell the same story: 15 of 17 passes completed for 236 yards and three touchdowns, 18 rushes for 124 yards and two touchdowns—an offensive total of 360 yards. Coach Caldwell received his promised dip in Lake Carnegie an hour after the game, and four weeks later Princeton ended its season with its winning streak still intact at 22 straight.

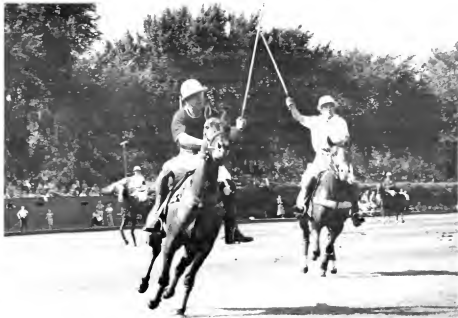
Kazmaier made the major All-America teams for the second straight year and led the nation in total offense with 1,827 yards—861 yards gained rushing and 966 yards passing. Honors were heaped on him all winter long: the Heisman Trophy by a record plurality of votes, the A.P.'s Male Athlete of the Year award over such sporting heroes as Ben Hogan, Stan Musial, Bob Mathias, Joe Walcott, Otto Graham, Allie Reynolds and Sugar Ray Robinson, the Maxwell Trophy and touchdown-club awards from such cities as Washington, Los Angeles, Cleveland and Detroit.

### **Golf replaces football**

A full decade later Kazmaier is still serious-minded and works harder than ever. He is kept hopping up and down the Atlantic Coast as president of a rapidly expanding bowling business (Major League Bowling and Recreation, Inc.) that includes among its stockholders Sam Snead, Mayo Smith, Perry Como, Fred Hutchinson and Billy Maxwell. At 195, he is some 25 pounds heavier than he was as a college football star, but he still looks as youthful. He has made golf (he carries a 15 handicap) his major sport.

"It's nice to think about my football career," said Kazmaier recently, "and it's nice to talk about it, but I'm in a different business now, where you're not measured on a football basis. Many of the people I do business with don't even know my name. I've been called everything from Kesmeyer to Cashmere, and that suits me just fine." **END**





*Dr. Williams swings mallet left-handed in the 1958 National Open which his Dallas Athletic Club team won.*

we left to take the twins to the hospital to be put in an incubator he stuck something in my jacket pocket. I later found out it was \$35. It was against the rules to accept gratuities, but somehow my fellow interns and the ambulance driver persuaded me that \$35 spent on a big steak dinner might advance the cause of medicine generally—or at least around St. Vincent's, where interns were paid precisely nothing.

"I'm rambling on. But I swear to you I thought of all that during the few seconds it took me to get back to that mare. I saw immediately what the difficulty was, and with a little assistance from me the birth was accomplished and we got a beautiful colt. Later I named him War Meadow, and he played for our team in the National Open of '58."

Dr. Williams stood up. "It's time we had some dinner," he said.

A little later we were seated in a booth in a roadside restaurant on Highway 77.

As we scanned the big menu, the doctor suddenly leaned forward and said, "You know, I'm glad you came to Dallas and insisted on this write-up. Not because I want any attention focused on me. I still say I don't deserve that. But just talking about polo—and a little about medicine—has made me realize how fortunate I am to have had these interests. I love them both." He thought a minute and then he said carefully: "I believe I'd rather operate than play polo."

A waitress, a pretty, languid Texas girl, had come to the booth and stood there, pencil poised. The doctor looked at her and then looked at the menu again. He lowered it and went on: "You know, I wish every man could come to the age of 50 with a sport that he can play year round. He'll work better for it. Of course, a man can't take up a game like polo at 50, but there are lots of things he can do. Golf—without that blasted cart, mind you—swimming, volleyball. I saw

somewhere that Dr. Paul Dudley White, General Eisenhower's doctor, is preaching the gospel of bicycle riding. He's campaigning for bicycle paths to be built along roadways. That's all to the good."

The waitress stood there. She yawned. Dr. Williams glanced at the girl, and continued:

"As I say, this write-up business has reminded me of the joy I've had from polo. I've played all over the United States and in Hawaii, too. I've made wonderful friends. I wouldn't begin to mention their names; I'd be sure to forget somebody. They're wonderful people in polo, simply wonderful."

The waitress scratched her head with the eraser end of her pencil. "I could recommend the fillet mignon highly," she drawled.

The doctor ignored her. "Last summer," he said, "I went to England with an American team that included Alan Corey and George Sherman of Meadow

*continued*

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## DOC WILLIAMS

Brook on Long Island, Billy Hudson and Juan Rodriguez of Dallas. It was a 21-goal team with Corey at 9, Sherman at 3, Hudson at 2 and Rodriguez at 7. By the way, George Sherman is vice-chairman of the U.S. Polo Association. I was along as a spare. My handicap had dropped from 2 to one, partly because of this shoulder condition. But I was well represented as far as the ponies were concerned. I shipped over three of my own and Hudson had three I raised and sold to him. Well, to make a long story short, I never got to play in any of the international games. The English have a rule against left-handers. However, I did play some polo on Cowdray Park, which is on Lord Cowdray's estate.

"You can't ever go wrong," said the waitress, "on that Kansas City sirlon."

Well, said the doctor, "the day of the biggest game of all, the British royal family was there. Afterward, everybody went to a tent that had been put up behind the royal box. Champagne was served. I tried to make myself inconspicuous because I hadn't played. But, lo and behold, Prince Philip came up to me and said, 'You're Dr. Williams. Cowdray has been telling me about you. Sorry about this left-handed rule. As you know, I couldn't play myself because I pulled a muscle in my thigh.' I was on the verge of telling the Prince what to do for that condition, but I caught myself in time. 'This man has the best medical skills of England at his beck and call,' I said to myself, 'and he doesn't require any advice from a country doctor.' Well, they couldn't have been nicer. Somebody maneuvered me over to a place near the Queen and I was presented. I couldn't tell you what I said. Then I was moved along and found myself chatting with the Queen Mother. 'Dr. Williams,' she said, 'you have some splendid horses.' Well, do you know that we got to talking, and I couldn't tell you if my life depended on it whether we talked for five minutes or 20? I never met any more friendly or gracious people."

"I've been out to the state fair all day," said the waitress, making each statement a question, "and my feet are killing me?"

I tell you I'm just ready to go to bed and sleep a week!"

"When it came time for me to go," said Dr. Williams, "the Sherman and Corey children got together and said, 'Dr. Williams, we're taking you out to dinner and then we're going to the airport to see you off.' I said, 'I'll do the taking out to dinner.' Do you know those young people wouldn't hear of it? Insisted I be their guest? Took me to the airport? And when we found out the plane wouldn't leave for an hour or so, they wouldn't hudge until takeoff time? 'We promised you we'd see you off, and that's just exactly what we're going to do!' they said. Well, sir, there was a heavy rainstorm at takeoff time, but I tell you I hardly noticed. Going up the steps to the plane, I waved to the children and went in and took my seat, fastened my belt and leaned my head back. 'What a day!' I said to myself, 'what a perfectly wonderful day and what wonderful, wonderful people!'"

All the time we had held the big menus in our hands, I had noticed the doctor's hands as he talked. The fingers were strong and the wrists were as thick as Mackey Mantle's.

"Browned chicken possibly?" asked the waitress.

The doctor turned and looked at her and for the first time he betrayed the merest trace of irritation.

"Look here, young lady," he said, "you're a new girl here. I gather. You don't know me. I come in here three or four times a week and I'm accustomed to taking my time in ordering my dinner."

The girl's eyes widened. Clearly, some sort of identification was called for, some kind of status had to be established. I waited for Dr. Raworth Williams to indicate somehow that he was a distinguished surgeon of long standing, a professor of clinical urology at Southwestern Medical College, a member of the American College of Surgeons, a graduate of one of the nation's great medical schools. He didn't say anything quite like that. What he said was "I happen to have the polo field up the line and this gentleman here is giving it a write-up."

And then we both ordered filet mignon, which was what the footsore, state-fair-weary waitress had suggested in the first place.

END



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## FRANK TALK

Sirs:

Thanks for Ray Cave's wonderful article on my favorite team, the Philadelphia Warriors, my favorite player, Wilt Chamberlain, and now, I guess, my favorite coach, Frank McGuire (*McGuire: Ruler of a Standard*, Oct. 30).

CLIFFORD WERNER

State College, Pa.

Sirs:

Is it possible that Ray Cave is writing about the same Frank McGuire that I know about? This McGuire, a former basketball coach at the University of North Carolina, was the coach who.

1) Criticized his own athletic director in an open press conference

2) Criticized the ACC commissioner openly

3) Rejected so vigorously that the University of North Carolina was put on probation by the NCAA

4) In his quiet, aloof way, intimidated the referees more than the boiler coaches

A great coach? Yes. A great gentleman? We'll.

ARTHUR SIMONS

New York City

Sirs:

We here at Carolina were lucky to have this man for basketball coach, and we just hope the pro game will profit as much as we did

ROBERT J. FRAGANZY

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

The best thing ever to happen to the NBA. You will.

TOU WIT.

Highland Park, Ill.

## DOGFIGHTERS

Sirs:

*Hell's Old Angels* (Oct. 30) rings a bell for all of us who were seat-of-the-pants fly-boys in 1917, '18, '19

I salute Messrs. Wynne, Paken, Maatz, Toffman and Co. for their verve and courage in promoting the art. Never fear, they—or their likes—will be doing simulated "dogfights" for the public's enlightenment and their own amusement and perpetuating the glory of those old cranes that were our wings in that era.

BOB SWIFF

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle makes several references to *G-I and His Battle Aces* but no notes of the author, Robert J. Hogan. I have known Hogan for many years and think your readers should at least know about him. He is currently wintering here at Coral Gables and is still writing stories.

SAM HOWARD

Coral Gables, Fla.

Sirs:

I have a Bosch magneto taken off a Fokker plane, north of Verdun, in October 1918. If any of these old plane fans want it, they can have it.

WALLACE E. SCOTT

San Francisco



EAGLES' BEDNAREK AND BROWNS' BROWN

## SIXTH STAR

Sirs:

Many Eagle fans in Philadelphia believe your story on the NFL's hard-playing stars in action (*Five Star Pros*, Oct. 23) should be called "Six Star Pros" because we recognize our star pro Chuck Bednarek (No. 60) about to tackle Jimmy Brown

G. NELSON WATTS

Philadelphia

## MARSHMALLOWS

Sirs:

I always thought that a marshmallow was a "confection made from corn syrup, sugar, starch and gelatin, beaten to a creamy consistency."

Now I learn, to my great amazement, that it is a Southeastern Conference football team such as Tennessee, Auburn, LSU, Tulane, Georgia and Vanderbilt that plays either Ole Miss or Alabama (*Football's Week*, Oct. 30).

Keep that educational magazine coming, there must be other things I don't know.

HAROLD S. JARVIS

Groesville, S.C.

Sirs:

If Mervin Hyman actually believes that Ole Miss plays a marshmallow schedule then he and your board of "experts" need to have their respective marshmallow heads examined

ALAN SALOMONSON

Memphis, Tenn.

Sirs:

Folks down this way still recall Kentucky's terrific upset of Oklahoma in the Sugar Bowl 13-7. And Tennessee has been a national football power down through the years. To paraphrase Sir Winston Churchill: "Some marshmallows!"

JACK DUNSON

Louisville, Ky.

Sirs:

Man, did you ever goof

KEN A. BROCK

Jackson, Miss.

Sirs:

Please! Please! Please! No more stories of any kind on the phones from Mississippi. What you are doing is leading some people to believe that Mississippi could defeat Michigan State, Iowa, Ohio State, Minnesota or Michigan. And this the entire world knows is a damn lie, Sub!

L. J. SWANSON

San Jose, Calif.

## SWIM YOU SINNERS

Sirs:

In "Sin of Excellence" (*Scorecard*, Oct. 30) you report that New Trier High School has been placed on probation because its swimmers continued to practice after their regular season had ended. As a college swimmer, I feel that the superintendents of the Suburban League are doing a gross injustice not only to New Trier but to American swimming as a whole. It is boys like Fred Schmidt and his New Trier teammates who will keep the United States the greatest swimming power in the world. But if high school

swimmers are refused the right to test their ability against others in competition on a national level, what incentive will there be for them to continue?

STEVIE MINAKEL

Easton, Pa.

Sirs,

"Sin of Excellence" points up some rather peculiar thinking about swimmers on the part of school superintendents in suburban Chicago. However, you have to go a long way to beat the State of Minnesota's High School League's attitude toward basketball players. Last March the league declared the whole Roosevelt High basketball team of Minneapolis ineligible on the eve of the state tournament because two of the team's substitute members had participated the previous spring in a possession "all-star" game composed of church teams.

As if that weren't enough, these righteous moralists compounded their nonsense by forbidding any high school athlete to view a professional football game as a guest of the Viking management because "the rules forbid any such athlete from accepting awards in excess of \$1, excluding trophies and emblems, etc."

When the boys have graduated and find they have to subscribe to season tickets for booster clubs and the like because of pressure from business associates it will be time enough to penalize them for their enjoyment of sports, not when they are in their teens and formulating attitudes toward authority.

C. G. LaBORE

St. Paul

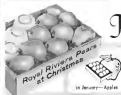
Sirs,

Ames.

DICK SPERO

Winnetka, Ill.

# A dozen dazzling gifts



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March - Royal Oranges



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November - Spanish Nuts

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**SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE:** Charles A. Adams, General Manager. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. (Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address.)

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED NOVEMBER 17, 1981

\*\*Of course it'll never replace bridge... but I find that a really resourceful player who knows how to calculate his odds can have a pretty exciting time with SI, The Sporting Word Game®. And—to be perfectly truthful—so can his sisters and his brothers and his aunts \*\*

\*For full details see the order form bound into this magazine.



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## PAT ON THE BACK



ROBERTA HUNTRESS

## Music of the track

In 1950 Roberta Huntress, a newly capped graduate of State University Teachers College, Potsdam, N.Y., was voted the "music teacher most likely to succeed." Bobbie succeeded, all right, but not by playing the piano. Today, as a hard-hatted professional driver of pacers and trotters, she is one of the few women to win acceptance in the masculine world of harness racing.

In making the transition, Bobbie compiled some impressive credits. At New Hampshire's Rockingham Park, for ex-

ample, she set a local season track record last spring by earning \$11,970 in four races. And in Toronto's Old Woodbine Stakes last summer she set a Province of Ontario trotting record by guiding Wee Irish—the horse shown above—around the mile track in 2:02.

When she's not racing, Bobbie trains 17 horses, breaks in occasional colts and does her own shoeing. She even finds time to keep up with her teaching. "A day or two in the classroom is all right," she says. "But after that I feel cooped up."

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